

# The Churchman.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1878.

THE death of Bishop Wilmer has been a great shock. He was so large a man that he filled an unusual place in the community. There was no more prominent citizen than he in Louisiana. To no interest affecting the people was he indifferent. In no plans for the well-being of State or city could he be left out. And he was withal so gentle and so considerate, so courteous and high-bred, that all men admired and loved him. Yet in all his gentleness he had the heart of a lion, and was as firm as a rock when principle was at stake. His funeral was a public mourning. His loss a universal sorrow.

THE evil of bad, cheap literature is greatly felt. But mere complaint will do no good. Those who publish the trash which gets into the hands of the boys and girls of the land are not likely to be reached by any moral considerations. They take good care to keep on the safe side of the law. A press censorship is not possible. Legal prohibition goes as far as it is well to have it, and even the statutes in being, meet with opposition. The publishers of this wretched stuff of which we speak cannot be directly reached. But their great sales are made in the country through the small dealers. These are within the reach of moral force. They live in communities where they are known, and they have a care to preserve a reputation. Many of them think little of the matter. Newspapers and periodicals are to them only so much merchandise. They are not aware of the harm they do.

Now it is in the power of good people to make these sales disreputable. They must say frankly that they will withhold all custom from the dealer who exposes *Police Gazettes*, *Day's Doings*, and the like, on his counter. If these are to be bought anywhere, it must be only at stands which are beneath any such influence. The parents and teachers can draw the line. They can say to their children, "You must not buy anything at such and such places." The harm now comes from the fact that side by side with the best periodicals of the day, all this trash is exposed in reputable shops.

Many of these dealers are members of religious societies. They must be made to understand that the sale of such matter is inconsistent with their Christian profession, and that they cannot keep their standing and continue to sell, especially to boys and girls, the wretched rubbish they do.

We do not, of course, think that thus the traffic can be abolished. But it can be driven into holes and corners and be made unprofitable, and those who have

the care of the young can be enabled to exercise a greater control over the reading which comes into house and school.

It may be said that it is impossible to draw a line. It is impossible to do so by fixed rules, but where respectable dealers know that the loss of all respectable custom will follow the display of bad books on their counters, they will take care not to order them. Nor will it work any inconvenience to enforce this. Any one may obtain by mail any periodicals needed. The public are not dependent on the dealers. They are a convenience, but they must not be suffered to be a source of mischief.

## ST. THOMAS.

It is a mistake to find in St. Thomas any type of modern scepticism. His doubt is essentially unlike the doubts of the present day. In the first place the sort of disbelief which belongs to this era is one fruit of an excessive influx of new facts upon man's knowledge before they have been duly ordered and arranged. It is a doubt which finds the facts of Scripture inconsistent with those of recent observations of nature. It is born of pure reason. The modern sceptic disbelieves the resurrection because he thinks it impossible, and the reason why he thinks it impossible is because he rests on his experience of the customary laws of life and death. There is not the slightest reason to suppose St. Thomas to be open to any such influences. He did not doubt the possibility of rising from the grave. At least in two instances, the youth of Nain and Lazarus of Bethany, he had seen the fact. He had no disturbing philosophy to interfere with his belief. He could have had no knowledge of the laws of nature to disturb his perfect faith that the thing might be. The intellect throughout plays a subordinate part in his unbelief. For it must be observed that doubt, true scientific doubt, is not positive. It gives its fixed conviction that such and such things are impossible, provided that no new disturbing factor comes in. Doubt is the result of balanced probabilities. New evidence can always reverse the verdict.

But the moral disbelief is absolute. It rejects evidence. It will not be convinced. Its conclusions rest on convictions which are part of its nature. In such a mood it is impossible to persuade the doubter that an enemy is really a friend, or a friend an enemy. He is impervious to the proofs which unbiased minds receive as final.

This was the doubt of St. Thomas. He was a pessimist—ready always to take the darkest and most forlorn view. He had made up his mind that all was lost. He had begun to dread this even before the entry into Jerusalem. When the

death of Jesus upon the Cross came, he accepted it as a finality, the ruin of every hope. When the other apostles came to him with the news of the resurrection, he refused to disturb the settled conviction of failure which was upon his mind. He did not dare to believe it. It is very likely that had he been at first present with the eleven, he would have doubted his own senses. That which his nature needed was the invigoration of such a moral shock as the words of the Lord doubtless gave him. His grief-shaken soul recovered its healthy tone. For the Lord's appearance to St. Thomas, it must be noted, is coupled with moral proof. The first word that He speaks shows that He is aware of the disciple's doubt. Jesus returns into that old intimate relationship in which He was wont to read the hearts of His followers like an open scroll.

It is this moral stirring of the moral despondency which at once relieves the doubt. Unless it had been relieved, unless the cloud had been dissipated, St. Thomas could never have been fit for the work of his apostleship. He might have been intellectually convinced by the very test of his own proposing, but that would only have left him the prey of his own teasing questionings. He would have fancied that his senses were cheated. Jesus spoke to his soul, and *that* replied in the glad cry, "My Lord and My God."

## STATEMENT OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS.

Elsewhere in the present number our readers will find, and we can but hope will be glad to find, the earnest Advent and Epiphany Statement of the Board of Managers. It reaches the Church later than the Advent Appeal of the Domestic Committee, under the old organization, was wont to be sent out; and earlier somewhat than the Epiphany Appeal of the Foreign Committee used to appear.

For many years the holy and stirring season of Advent has been regarded as specially devoted, in the line of missionary operations and offerings, to our domestic work; and the glad season of Epiphany, which first heralded the emancipation of Christian sympathy and charity from the stern narrowness of Judaistic thought into the full liberty and breadth of the new and world-wide Gospel dispensation, as set apart specially in the interest of our foreign work.

These designations, however, are now less distinctly marked in the Church mind than formerly, contributions, both to foreign and domestic missions, being more evenly distributed through the whole year. Yet the old arrangement



is still adhered to, and is more or less influential in many parishes.

The hope is therefore earnestly entertained, and the belief as well, that the lateness of the Statement will not anywhere be allowed to hinder contributions to our great and widespread domestic work. The friends of this work, clerical and lay—friends that any cause might well be proud of, long-tried and loyal friends—can be trusted in this matter.

Where collections have not already been made in the Advent season, because of the non-appearance of the Statement, care will be taken, we cannot doubt, that they be made at such later times as are most likely to secure favorable and cheering results.

Individual contributions, usually sent directly to the mission rooms, will also, it is believed, be forwarded in due time.

The gross amount needed, somewhat less than \$300,000, is really insignificant when compared with the extent and importance of the work, and with the ability that God has bestowed upon this Church. The Board of Managers state that it is the least amount necessary to keep existing missionary enterprise from being abandoned or so weakened as to be nearly equivalent to abandonment.

*One hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars* for the support of ten missionary bishops and more than two hundred and fifty other missionaries among the people of our own race, the Indians, and the colored people of the South, is absolutely *beggarly*, in a double sense of the word. Twice or three times the amount could be expended in a single year in laying foundations that would prove a blessing to the Church and to the country to the end of time; and would accomplish more, if expended in 1879, than a million of dollars given in ten or fifteen years hence, when present and unimproved opportunities may have passed away, and every form of error, now comparatively weak, have become organized and entrenched for long and vigorous defence.

At all points the Church is eagerly asked for now, with assurance of hearty coöperation. Let this asking prove in vain and the case will soon be greatly changed, and to our exceeding disadvantage. All this is, too clear to be doubted for a moment.

*One hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars* for all our missions outside of the United States and Territories—missions never so promising as at the present hour, missions susceptible of almost indefinite extension—is a sum so small, contrasted with the greatness of the field, as almost to awaken a suspicion of a deliberate attempt to belittle, in popular estimation, the Church, and the ability of the Church, of which it is asked.

The days of small things, many and long and weary, have not been despised;

but in the name of God, of Christ, of the Holy Ghost; in the name of the race, redeemed indeed but yet largely in bondage to sin, the race for the elevation and salvation of which the Triune God is ever working, shall these days of small things continue forever?

### SECULAR DISORDERS AND THE LAW OF CHURCH LIFE.—II.

It has been seen that a primal law of the spiritual kingdom is self-impartation at the cost of self-sacrifice; that a Christianity without a constant, voluntary, cheerful exercise of this principle is spurious, however many comely moralities or sentimental devotions it may yield; and that this holds so true of the individual believer, that any member of the body who imagines that he is fit for his place, or worthy of his name, or true to his Master, while doing or giving nothing steadily to extend the kingdom beyond the bounds of his own Church-privileges, is deluded. To disturb that delusion is a primary duty of the prophetic office in the Church. No teacher or preacher of Christ can shirk it and be faithful. To preach and leave this out is to preach a mutilated Gospel. In what temper the truth must be told, repeated, pressed home, is plain enough; but a minister, ordained in the Church, who fails to deliver it, is as false as the captain who should refuse to deliver to his men the marching-orders of his superior, or should instruct his soldiers that the army exists for its own interest or promotion. Amidst the copious complaints we hear of slow advances and low standards of spiritual life, one naturally pauses to ask how much of the deadness may be accounted for by that stupendous and popular heresy, that the doctrine of universal and ceaseless self-denial, or of parting with something of our own to give Christ to other souls, after the moment of regeneration, is not an indispensable portion of the "Faith once delivered." A purely secular idea has to that extent invaded the Church, where it becomes a disease, working death. We must fight that disease, and kill that death, if we expect a restoration of the original spiritual law of life.

From this position the next step is obvious. On the earth, among human relations, the kingdom of heaven must be manifested in a system of earthly agencies. It must use human tools, take on temporalities, become an economy of business as well as an economy of grace. The very process of impartation, or giving and distributing, requires money, material, a policy, management. That is, the Church must accomplish its twofold object, extending itself and edifying its members, by instruments common to itself and the secular domain. Here is the point of peril. Coming into the world to gather men (morally) out of the world, Christianity has to take them where it finds them. More than that, it has to train and transform them, according to the eternal sacrificial principle announced in the prayer of the Lord, not by taking them (physically) out of the world, but by keeping them from the evil of it.

What is it that we have got into the way of doing? We go and get the world's men, with a considerable quantity of the world's "evil" hanging about them, to come and take charge of the heavenly kingdom's affairs, manage the Gospel's interests, transact the Church's business, or, what is not much more

honorable, we keep ourselves busy with a certain section of the kingdom's proper work, writing and reading theology, administering a ceremonial, ordaining clergy, preaching sermons, and visiting the flock, so long and in such places as the world's management permits, allowing the world's men to be the managers.

The line of division may not in every case be sharply cut. There are a great many men who want to combine and reconcile the advantages that belong to this world and the next. To a certain extent, they want what the Church gives. Up to the point where it crosses their cherished projects, or interferes with a doubtful pursuit, or denounces a popular indulgence, or calls vicious tastes and practices by their right names, or makes them feel uncomfortable in an indefinite way by keeping before them the silent presence of an uncompromising and condemnatory heliess, they find it convenient, on many accounts, to busy themselves in Church matters. Confidence, standing, notice, office, power are likely to be obtained as inexpensively in that way as almost any other. There need not be conscious hypocrisy. Man is a mixture at best; and there are not a few who really never look keenly enough into their inner life to see which king rules, who sincerely desire religious comfort when it can be had on easy and plausible terms, or who begin to be interested in the ecclesiastical institution in good faith, on sound motives, but after a while are led into contumacious courses by ambition or resentment or party-spirit. In nearly every community there are some persons, of one sex or the other, to whom there is an irresistible fascination in the prospect of regulating a parish, putting down or setting up a rector, tormenting a weak clergyman, or contending with a strong one. It is, at the root, the same passion that makes many a big boy a bully, and many a feudal baron a swashbuckler or a butcher. So in various ways and at numerous exposed points the influence of "the world," antagonistic to the influence of Christ in His kingdom, in a more or less determined and mischievous form, creeps not only into the area but into the control of the Church; not only into its membership, but into its rulership. Some kind of self-interest is seated in authority, and governs the procedure, and shapes the policy. Money or fashion or patronage is apt to be in alliance with this kind of power. In that case, it is in vain to deny, the rules on which the parish is "run" are not very different from those that run a factory or a mill. The law of the original life is overborne and crushed.

Why do we say "antagonistic"? Because that is precisely what the Head of the Kingdom says. Throughout all the Lord's teachings "the world" is spoken of as a unit, a thing distinctly marked and readily recognized, multiform but identical, having a spirit, a principle, a law of existence, and a *modus vivendi* peculiar to itself. It is all but personal, in its eager, wistful, adroit, persistent, captivating force. Christ everywhere declares—whatever may be true of certain mixtures or infusions in individuals or systems—that the creature or thing itself has one character, which it never can lose till it ceases to be itself, and which is diametrically, totally, and forever opposite to the character of His Church. They are "contrary, the one to the other." "What concord?" "What fellowship?" "What agreement?" Self-gratification is at the heart of the one; self-sacrifice of



the other. The world is unscrupulous, unmerciful, and unclean. If the Church is of Christ, it is to be righteous, charitable, holy. By how much, therefore, the world in every way insinuates itself into the forces which shape or guide the Church, the Church is made impotent. It is in the disorder of secularism, and losing its constitutional health it loses all the honors, conquests, glories, of which a vigorous vitality is the spring. Our feeble piety, divided counsels, slender missions, scanty treasures, small supply of ministers, candidates, and deaconesses, our church debts, taxed sanctuaries, costly choirs, infrequent communions, churches closed six days of the week, clergy shifting their posts and running hither and thither for a "settlement," Church-gambling, Church dance-parties, Church play-houses, and the whole train of imbecilities, vulgarities, and degradations are explained. The world is not assailing and persecuting the Church from without. That would be, in some respects, a safer and more wholesome condition. The world is inside. Mammon has taken a pew, perhaps several of them, pays for them, gets elected to the vestry, makes himself necessary to the paying of the rector's salary and the interest on the church debt, sings in the organ-loft, chooses the tunes and the performers, dines the parson or dictates to him as suits the fancy, is polite to the bishop, and looks complacently round every Sunday morning on this admirably conducted, inoffensive, submissive establishment.

With most institutions it is thought the part of wisdom and honor, if not of common sense, that the ordering and guiding of the enterprise should be in the hands of those who are thoroughly at one with it, identified with what is most distinctive in it, inwardly and openly loyal, inspired by its genius, pervaded by its spirit, and completely committed to its principles. Are we conducting our general, diocesan, and especially our parochial system with much strictness on that plan? We have everywhere among our laity, and in all orders of the ministry, men whose hearts beat, and whose lives are framed on the grand pattern of that passage of St. Paul which gave its method and tone to our loftiest modern manual of spiritual direction, Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," and are living "soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." But are we so true to our high calling and our Crucified Leader that we are satisfied to make these men our ecclesiastical masters and rulers and models; content that all our outward economy should be arranged in simplicity and moderation, and even in poverty, so only it be pure; content to be small and plain, if need be, for the kingdom of heaven's sake?

The appeal is, and will be all along, to the very Fountain of Church truth. We are dealing not with questions of opinion or expediency, or schools of thought, or even of historic precedent. Is it inconsistent with the attitude of a Church standing in the midst of the world, among markets, and trades, and universities, and galleries, and legislatures, that it should be literally, in all the modes of its organized life, its government, discipline, ritual, support, economy, "above the world"? Is it impossible? If it implies a revolution, is it one that we ought to fear? If it involves large sacrifices of what we like and notice, ought that to hold us back? If it abridges our income and reduces our dimensions for a time, may it not be that God is preparing for Himself in just that way a

prophetic "people," whose eyes of faith see in the future a glorious gain more than outweighing the temporary loss—a Father's house that is in no sense at all a house of merchandise,—a "day" when the dark works of self and mammon shall be utterly renounced, and so the Advent epistle and gospel be fulfilled,—an unsecularized Church arising and shining, her Light being come?

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

### THE CHURCH IN MINNESOTA.

I have held service nearly every day since November 1st. The weather has been beautiful, often such cloudless skies as holy Herbert was wont to call "the bridal days of earth and heaven." The congregations have been large and the people have listened as they always do listen when God gives us grace to tell men from the heart about the Saviour of the weary and heavy laden. Our State is passing through a sore trial. We Western folk are a self-reliant people. Infidelity and irreligion have taken faith away from multitudes. Many sneer at the idea of a God who rules this world and hears the prayers of His people. For four years the locusts were a burden; last year was one of abundance, and every one took hope. This year they bought, leased, ploughed, and seeded all the land they could secure. A week before harvest there never was such a promise of rich rewards to the husbandman. The fields stood thick with the long bright stalks of yellow wheat, the heads six and eight inches long. We said we shall have twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, in all forty million bushels. Instead of twenty-five bushels, No. 1 wheat per acre, at a dollar, the harvest was five to ten bushels No. 3 and 4, at thirty-five cents to forty cents. It did not pay the cost of harvest. Sad as the lesson is it is worth all it cost if we learn that we cannot make one head of wheat to ripen. I am sure many do feel that it is time to learn afresh the old lesson of the Gospel, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

A sermon in a new place seems a little thing. It is sad to see a large congregation who never kneel in prayer, who show no act of outward reverence to that Divine Lord who is always in the midst of the gathered congregation. A few kind words of explanation of the service will remove prejudice and prepare some to join in prayers which have been going heavenward many hundred years. There are no new themes for the minister of Christ. The Gospel is no philosophy or dogma. It is the story of a Person; it does not speak to the intellect; it is God's help for those that need help. It is for the heart, that which aches, that which has sinned and suffered, that which belongs to the poorest beggar as well as the mightiest prince. It is the Gospel of the kingdom of God. None can preach it until they have learned it by the intuition of a forgiven heart. It is Christ first, Christ last, Christ in everything. It glows with the love of God, and all gifts, sacraments, Church life, and grace come down to us laden with the love of God.

In this our mother the Church has a voice none but the Bride of Jesus can have; for all her lessons are intertwined with His life. It does not depend on the will of a pastor whether we shall worship with angels at Christmas, whether we shall follow the blessed footsteps of His holy life, whether we shall

stand with the virgin Mother and St. John at the foot of the Cross on Good Friday, whether we shall hear the glad shout, "Christ is risen," at Easter. It is because the Church thrusts no human opinions between our aching hearts and God; because Christ incarnate, Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ ascended, Christ the Mediator, Christ the Judge is always ringing in our ears, that we love the Church.

Why is it that Christian folk in and out of the Church will turn aside from this glorious vantage ground to bewilder poor lost souls with human opinions?

Much of the atheism of our times is the reaction of perplexed men from human opinions which have been interwoven with God's truth. Schisms have been made, and parties created, and Christ's seamless robe torn asunder, about questions of names and things which do not concern eternal salvation. Much that grieves and hurts is only the infallibility of individuals or parties, and a library filled with such wretched wrangling would not lead one poor soul to Christ. He might cry out in anguish, "They have taken Him away, and I do not know where they have laid Him." Ask two men who seem as wide apart as the poles, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer must be, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." What shall I do? "Be baptized every one of you." How shall I serve my rightful king? "Obey the things commanded." The way of obedience is plain as the beaten path. The key to all mysteries is, "If any man will do My will, he shall know of the doctrine." Pardon my words. When I go into one of these little hamlets and find representatives of a dozen creeds—people who really do try to serve the Saviour, and yet are fettered by wretched division so that no real work can be done—I long to cry out as did one of old, "Sirs, ye are brethren." The things on which they agree are a heritage of the old historical Catholic Church. The things about which they differ are the mint and anise of somebody's party. Their zeal is often simply to make disciples of their creed, and of their party. All this while souls for whom Christ died are going down to death. One thing I find with each succeeding visitation, that a Spirit above man's weak will is softening prejudice and drawing hearts in closer longings for unity. We shall not see it; but the day will come when these sectarian idols will be thrown to the bats, and Christ be all in all. There is no use of talking about who is to blame. There is no hope in the make-shifts of expediency. The only solvent of the hard crusts of these walls of separation is the love of Jesus Christ. The peace will come when the Son of Peace dwells in our hearts. We can work and bide our time and die.

My heart is always full when I think of the field ripe for the Lord's harvest in Minnesota. There are twenty villages which have sprung up this year: places full of promise and where we ought to have missionaries at once. For two thousand dollars I could build, even in these times, six churches, and each be the wayside hostel for the weary. We need aid most for our divinity school. Many of my brethren in the Episcopate are sending us their candidates for Orders. In loyalty, in love, in scholarship this divinity school has no superior in the land. We have more students than at any period of our history. They are young men of brains and heart. By God's help we will fit them to be meet for this high and holy service. Some hard words



have been spoken of us. For twenty years we have lived and worked for Christ and His Church. "It is a small matter that we are judged of man's judgment;" "there is one that judgeth"—"the Lord." If men do not know us, we can possess our souls in patience. If this was our work we would lay it down as too heavy even for our willing shoulders. It is work for Christ and His Church, and never was it so needed as to-day. The world is weary of this strife, and is waiting for this gospel of love as it waited for His coming. We shall never silence the gainsayer by our arguments about the customs of an historical Church, and they will continue to scoff at the Christ of history; but the living Christ who dwells in a living Church, the Christ whose people are busy in works of love, none can gainsay or deny. None know how dear work is for which I have worked and prayed almost twenty years.

I shall be deeply grateful for any aid our friends may send for this work, and I will pray God to reward and bless them.

H. B. WHIPPLE,  
Bishop of Minnesota.

#### LETTER FROM BISHOP PENICK.

CAPE MOUNT, LIBERIA,  
WEST AFRICA, October 8th, 1878.

A glance at my letter-book shows that my last to you was more than a month ago. Since then we have been having just such days in mission life as the Christian world does not take into consideration, viz., days of hard every-day drudgery of the most commonplace kind—such as burning brush, grubbing stumps, dressing plank, sawing it, and making shelves, boxes, desks, etc. But all of this is a part, and a very essential part, of the work. Our friends who live where labor is divided and systematized, cannot imagine how we are thrown back on first principles, as it were, broadside, and the man who can command most power in these is apt to get on best and become first established in the respect of the natives. But we have had more of this than usual, owing to the fact of our moving into our new homes.

On September 24th—just eleven months from the day we left America—we moved into the mission-house on Cape Mount. To God be praise and glory. We have not lost one of our number, nor suffered any serious hindrance. We have one American house, in which four people can live very comfortably, with a bedroom for each. We also have lumber for a second house somewhat larger; our native kitchen is done, and will lodge six boys comfortably. Our boys' house, to accommodate sixty boys, will be done (D. V.) November 1st. We have enough coffee planted for 2,000 trees, and *everything is paid for*.

I hope and believe we will be much healthier here, 400 feet above the sea, commanding a tremendous sweep of view. With steep descents on all sides we certainly have a right to expect better health; if we do not get it here, then I despair of it in Liberia. The sea breeze is stiff and cool, so cool as to require a good spread to keep you comfortable at night, and to make you believe it almost impossible to be unhealthy here. So much for location, work, and health. Now for our prospects. I find upon a closer acquaintance that the heathen care very little about having their children civilized. They will tell you they do, in the most touching manner; for they are very shrewd in worldly affairs, and know this is the most direct way to a missionary's heart and favor, looking out all the time for gain and worldly profit. They will tell you any story they think you like to hear, by way of gaining favor, when there is not one word of truth in it. For example, one of their head men, who can read and write, told me soon after I came here: "Bishop, I have four boys ready now I want to give you." I thanked him and told him as soon as we could get a place to put them we would be glad to take them. He said certainly, and all that was necessary was to

send him a message and he would come down at once any time I would send for him. In about two months I sent for him, but he did not appear for six weeks, when he came in grand style to attend church. After service was over I told him we were ready for his boys now. He answered he would try to get them and send them down. Six weeks have passed and no boys as yet.

Another heard we wanted chickens, so he came and said he had two dozen which he would bring the next morning certainly; had them all ready in town, but wouldn't bring them on Sunday. He went, and we have heard nothing of him since. I give these two incidents from a great mass of the same sort because they serve to show the kind of difficulties we have to contend with. It is one of the saddest pages of a missionary's life, this total sapping of confidence in those around him, and the implanting of wearisome mistrust all through his every-day life. The fact is, sin is the same selfish, deceiving thing here that it is in Christendom, only here it reigns supreme, as it seems, while the atmosphere of Christianity has driven it somewhat into the ruts of moral law, outside of heathendom.

We stand ready now to prove two things: first, how far the heathen will let us help them; second, how far the Church wants us to help them. We are but the instruments of God, and our responsibility is to be faithful as between these two. To do the best we can for God's glory and souls' salvation is our part, and for this we seek grace to do, wait, or suffer, just as the Master orders. God's resources for setting forth His glory and impressing His truth and character on men are boundless, and as often accomplished by the destitution and conflicts of His children as by the bounties of the wealthy. He knows best and orders wisest. May we have grace to rejoice in His will and triumph in His plan. In His own time He will bring light out of darkness, order out of confusion, holiness out of the earth, and life out of death. *To know, feel, rest, and rejoice in this, is success.*

C. C. PENICK.

#### ENGLAND.

ORBY SHIPLEY AND HIS LATE ASSOCIATES. —Comments on Orby Shipley's letter to the *Times* have been made by some of his old friends. Dr. Littledale and the Rev. T. T. Carter, of Clewer, were associated with him in the publication known as *The Church and the World*. Dr. Littledale states that Mr. Shipley did not act as the representative of any men or the defender of any particular policy. Each one wrote on his own responsibility and for himself. Mr. Shipley, in the letter referred to, said that he now perceived that he had been acting upon a wrong principle, viz., private judgment. "When I became convinced," said he, "that the right principle of faith and practice in religion was authority: when I saw clearly that it is of less moment what one believes and does than why one accepts and practices, then I had no choice as to my course. The only spiritual body which I could realize that actually claimed to teach truth upon authority, and that visibly exercised the authority which she claimed, was the Church of Rome. For the last time I exercised my private judgment, as every person must exercise that gift of God in some way and to some extent, and I humbly sought admission into the communion of the Catholic Church."

On this Dr. Littledale remarks:

"Into Mr. Shipley's explanation of his motives for secession there is no need that I should enter further than remark that in reproducing what I know to be a favorite Ultramontane argument on the true functions of authority, he has made the painful admission that faith and morals—that is, doctrinal and ethical truth—are quite unimportant in comparison with the duty of abdicating conscience, as now taught by the Romish Church; and further, that he quite fails to understand that he has merely moved private judgment one step backward, but that it still is the sole tribunal by which he tests the fact whether any doctrine or person is clothed with the authority to which he must bow."

Mr. Carter says: "I question whether he has gained by placing himself in a position which involves the abnegation of all judgment. That

unless we surrender our individuality there must be some exercise of judgment on the ground of our faith is evident." He adds: "But it were a grievous mistake to suppose that the High Church school in England rests its faith on what is ordinarily understood by 'private judgment.' Its very *rationale*, its *raison d'être*, is its historical continuity; its whole groundwork and its clue through the troubled conflicts of every passing age is its appeal to history; its power against Rome, its resistance specially to Rome's modern decisions, is what, indeed, Rome counts heresy, but what we count the witness of the eternal Spirit of God, the testimony of ages, the '*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*.' To us the wonder is that any one who takes this, the only true view of High Church teaching, as his guide, can ever possibly surrender his soul's destinies to an authority which ignores this solid basis of truth."

A correspondent of the *English Churchman* comments upon the words of Mr. Shipley in 1873, when, speaking of the Vatican decree on Papal Infallibility, he said: "Upon it I keep, and ask to be allowed to keep, my mind in suspense."

TWO SOCIETIES.—The *English Churchman* referring to the Order of Corporate Reunion, remarks:

We have the best authority for stating that it is the intention of certain of the ritualist clergy to have recourse to this new order of conspirators against the Church of England, and to use its pseudo episcopate in cases where, on account of their illegal proceedings, their own bishops may see fit to decline to visit their churches; and we hear that if the Bishop of Rochester carries into action the policy of isolation suggested in his pastoral, some of his clergy will obtain in this way the exercise of the episcopal office in cases where his lordship refuses to visit their churches. The result of any such action would, of course, be an appeal to the law courts, as it is evident that if the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome is not to be recognized or admitted in this Church and realm, the bishops of the Order of Corporate Reunion must also be denied access to our sanctuaries. It is a strange feature in the unhappy divisions which are now hindering Church work, and causing such fatal discord, that at the two extremes of the ecclesiastical pole we should thus be threatened with schisms which base their claims to support upon episcopacy and the possession of the apostolic succession.

At a recent meeting of the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom, Mr. Whitworth, vicar of St. John's, Hammersmith, boldly charged the representatives of the association with complicity with the conspiracy of the Order of Corporate Reunion, and, in opposition to the resolution pledging the meeting to support the association, he sought to move an amendment to the effect that until the association is proved to have no connection with the order it is unworthy of support. Much angry speaking ensued, and discord and confusion, but little suggestive of reunion reigned, while the use of strong words by Mr. Lee, of All Saints', Lambeth, only added fuel to the fire. Ultimately, Mr. Whitworth's amendment was ruled to be out of order, and all the information given to him on the subject of his inquiry was that the committees of the association and the order were not identified. The probability is that some prominent members of the association are promoters of the order.

CUDDSDEN COLLEGE.—Much feeling has been exhibited in various parts on account of the supposed tendency of the system and influence at Cuddesden to lead persons to the Church of Rome. The Oxford diocesan conference recently refused to consider charges publicly brought against the college. A paper appealing to the bishop as visitor is obtaining signatures. In a late circular upon the subject, the bishop said:

"As to the perversion of ex-student from the Church of England, of which a statement has been circulated, I think it well to quote the account given me by the first principal of the college. 'I observe,' he says, 'seven names of men who were at college in my time. Of these, two took orders from the college and worked for as much as twelve years in the English Church and then seceded, under what influence I know not. One never proceeded beyond deacon's orders.



The other four were men whom we judged unfit for ordination, and who never passed into orders at all.' From another officer of the college at the time, I learn that many of the seceders spent only one term within its walls. Nor, in fact, is there a tittle of evidence to connect their perversion with any influence exercised by the college upon them. If I were at liberty to publish the details of some cases of perversion, and of some cases which happily did not end in perversion, it would be seen that the evidence points altogether the other way."

**THE "JOHN BULL" ON MR. SHIPLEY.**—In an article headed "Another Rat," the *John Bull* is thus severe upon Mr. Shipley:

"Mr. Shipley was never a learned or loyal member of the Church of England; he is just the sort of person who, carrying more sail than ballast, would be likely to yield to any blast of vain doctrine that might catch him on the high sea-, with no better helmsman than his own 'private judgment.' The man who tries a lead of his own, and can get no one to follow, is just the person to hide his mortified vanity under the wing of the infallible papacy. The Romanists may be acquitted of any attempt to seduce him; and the worst harm he could do to us would be to return."

**ST. JAMES'S, HATCHAM.**—A writer in the *John Bull* makes out that Mr. MacColl has no grievance to complain of. He agreed with Mr. Tooth for the use of the vicarage and one offertory per month. Mr. MacColl was personally liable for a large amount of debt upon another church, and hence his presentation and induction would have rendered the benefice liable to immediate sequestration. It was not therefore Mr. Tooth's fault that Mr. MacColl did not receive the benefice and its profits. The amount he did receive besides the vicarage was nearer £130 than £90. This statement is signed by H. W. Hill. *Per contra*, a letter addressed to the *John Bull*, and signed by the vicar's warden, the treasurer, and the honorary secretary, reaffirms without qualification the charges heretofore made.

**SCHISM IN THE NEW SECT.**—It will be remembered that not long ago T. Husband Gregg was made a "bishop" of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Alfred S. Richardson, secretary of the general synod of this new denomination, in England, now officially announces that Mr. Gregg "has severed his connection with the Reformed Episcopal Church, deeming it wiser, for reasons of his own, to form a separate sect." He has therefore no authority to use our name, nor to advertise himself as 'Primate.'"

#### FRANCE.

**THE CHAMBER AND THE CHURCH.**—In the French chamber of deputies on Saturday, November 23d, a proposal of M. Bardoux, the minister of public instruction, that the salaries of the curé should be increased 100f., was rejected by the house. M. Bardoux urged that the republic could not but gain by a little generosity towards priests whose fees were falling; but M. Fallières, the reporter, maintained that, with voluntary offerings, house, and garden, and 900f., priests were in tolerable comfort—better off, in fact, than schoolmasters with heavier work and family burdens. The augmentation was negatived by 268 to 193. A similar appeal on behalf of the pastors and rabbis was equally unsuccessful, the answer being that their salaries were higher than those of justices of the peace.

In the chamber on Monday, November 25th, M. de Kerjégu called attention to the prefectural expulsion of the Christian Brothers from the school of Lambézellec (Finistère). The municipality resolved to substitute lay teachers, whereupon the brethren appealed to the council of State, and, pending its decision, refused to give up possession. Force was consequently resorted to. M. Dufaure, who, as president of the council of state, declined to prejudge the case, regretted the disputes which had arisen in several departments, but said the appointment of communal schoolmasters rested with the prefect on the recommendation of the municipality, and this law was being observed.

#### GERMANY.

**DEATH OF PRINCESS ALICE.**—The Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, and daughter of

Queen Victoria, died of diphtheria, at Darmstadt, on Saturday morning, December 14th. It is noted as a coincidence that her father, Prince Albert, also died on Saturday, December 14th.

#### ITALY.

**KING AND PEOPLE.**—For the past four months the king and queen have been visiting Northern, Central, and Southern Italy. Throughout the whole journey they were greeted with great enthusiasm. On their return every demonstration of joy awaited them, the people of all ranks and parties vying with each other in their efforts to express their loyalty. The Archbishops of Naples and Florence offered Te Deums for the king's happy escape from the hands of the assassin. Their conduct was especially eulogized by the pope, who proposes these prelates as models for the clergy.

#### ADVENT AND EPIPHANY APPEAL.

The Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, as the stewards of their fathers and brethren in the Church, address to them this their annual statement and appeal.

At the close of their first year's work, under the organization adopted by the General Convention of 1877, they desire to thank God and take courage. It is too soon to pronounce upon the changes which have been made in the Church's missionary machinery, or to predict their future success. At the regular meetings of the board much time has been occupied in maturing a system of administration, and numerous changes have been made in the direction of increased simplicity and compactness of organization. The principal gain from these changes, thus far, has been the very considerable reduction in the office and other central expenditures, which it is hoped will hereafter be some twelve or thirteen thousand dollars less than heretofore. There has been a strenuous and persistent endeavor to secure the largest possible proportion of the Church's contributions for directly missionary work.

The contributions for the past year have been, on the whole, unexpectedly large and encouraging. Aside from specials, they have been, for domestic missions, \$157,498.23, of which for mission work among the Indians \$39,736.45, and for work among the colored people \$14,300.38; and for foreign missions \$116,514.65, of which for Greece, Haiti, and Mexico \$11,478.74. These contributions have enabled the committees to do their work without incurring any considerable indebtedness, though at times they have found themselves greatly straitened.

But perhaps the most encouraging feature in the history of the past year has been the evidence which it has afforded of the continued and widely-diffused interest of the men and women and children of the Church in the Master's work. In a time of widespread business depression, the Church has responded to the appeal of the board with cheerful readiness and freeness. The record of our contributions shows that the area from which they come is an increasingly extended one, and that the Church is beginning, though late, to learn that if she is to do her work it must be by the simultaneous faith and prayers and gifts of all her people. We have not always sufficiently honored the widow's mite, and the failure of some of the few liberal givers, upon whose larger benefactions we have been wont too much to lean, has taught us that we must look, more than heretofore, to those who have but little, to do their diligence "gladly to give of that little." It is the gifts that come with cost and sacrifice, as Christ has taught us, that He most prizes; and it is such gifts that we ask from the Church to-day. These words will reach the Church amid the solemnities of Advent season. Once more there rings upon the Church's ear the Baptist's cry, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" What are we doing to prepare it? To level the hills, and fill up the valleys, and make the crooked straight—this is the work to which Christian disciples are called in this nineteenth century. And while we are praying "Thy kingdom come!" He who is coming is waiting to see us turn our prayer into effort and sacrifice and self-consecration, and thus "make ready in the desert an highway for our God."

And therefore we ask of those to whom these

words shall come a fresh and fuller consecration of themselves, their substance, and their strength to the work, in this and other lands, of Christian missions. In Africa, in China, and in Japan, in Mexico, and in Haiti, our foreign missionary work is going forward under guidance which inspires the fullest confidence. God has given to His Church in these mission fields chief pastors with singular and exceptional qualifications for their work. They wait only for reinforcements from us to go forward to conquests worthy of their calling and their opportunities. And in the home field our missionary bishops, laboring in some instances under peculiar perplexities and discouragements, have yet sent to us a record of their work which calls for unfeigned thanksgiving. Shall they not be sustained? In our great cities there are young men and women who do not know what to do, who can find no work that is worthy, as they think, of their powers. And of these there are some who, from mere love of adventure, seek some arctic or torrid zone, and leave their bones bleaching upon unknown coasts. Are there not some of these who can be won to see the nobleness and grandeur of the missionary calling? And are there not mothers and sisters in the Church with heroism and devotion to train them for it? The Church waits for leaders to organize this new crusade, and for the faith and gifts that shall sustain it. Most of all it waits for that baptism of the Holy Ghost which shall kindle and inspire such a crusade, and send forth men burning with eagerness to have a part in it. On the banks of the Euphrates is a desert where no man dwells. In that desert the traveler comes unexpectedly upon the tomb of the French missionary, Besson. These are the words engraved upon it: "*Expectantes gloriosam spem et adventum Domini nostri Jesu Christi* (Looking for that glorious hope and the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ)." Why are there no more of such? Can we not lift the Church to such a faith, and make her children see the glory of such a tomb and such a resting-place?

These are the questions that we would fain leave uppermost in the thoughts of our brethren. The work is great, but greater still is He who has called us to do it. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." May this be the day of His power, and may ours be the will to improve it!

The board of managers submit the following estimates of the requirements of the work committed to them for the coming year:

For domestic missions (including work among the Indians and the colored people of the South), . . . \$155,000.00  
For foreign missions (including Greece, Haiti, and Mexico—and aid to disabled missionaries, and widows and orphans of missionaries), . . . \$135,500.00

By order and in behalf of the board of managers,  
HORATIO POTTER,  
HENRY C. POTTER,  
WM. G. LOW,  
A. T. TWING,  
JOSHUA KIMBER,  
Committee.

Mission Rooms, New York,  
Advent, 1878.

The secretaries of the board beg leave to state further that, in the sum asked for domestic missions is included the only debt contracted during the past fiscal year, viz., \$8,000 for the Indian work—and in the sum asked for foreign missions is included \$18,000 the amount of debt carried by that department since September 1st, 1877.

Copies of this paper, in any number, will be furnished upon application to either of the secretaries.

#### AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE WUCHANG MISSION.

SHANGHAI, October 29th, 1878.

It will be remembered by those interested in the history of our mission in China that this station was selected by the present Bishop of Japan (the Rt. Rev. C. M. Williams) in the year 1863 after much careful thought and consideration, as promising many advantages as a missionary station.

Wuchang may not only be regarded as one of the most central points in China but it is also situated in a Mandarin speaking district, and



any missionary who obtains command of this language, speaks what may be virtually considered the language of two thirds of the Chinese people.

Our mission began its work at Wuchang in the year 1868, and much has been done towards making it a valuable station. The sites selected for chapels, school houses, residences, etc., are among the best; but the difficulty has been that our mission here has lacked continuity. The missionaries sent out have been too few to carry on the work, and as death or disability from ill-health has removed them, fresh men to step into their places and carry on the work have been lacking.

What has been stated of Wuchang will also apply to some extent to the mission in China at large—it has been deficient in continuity. The efforts made to carry on the work have been too much of a sporadic character. From time to time, sometimes at long intervals, from one to two missionaries have been sent out to carry on a work which, beyond any, requires steadiness, persistency, continuity. At one period in the history of our mission it will be remembered that the work of the whole mission in Shanghai devolved upon one foreign missionary—the Rev. E. H. Thomson.

Now, my Christian friends, do you not think it high time that this state of affairs should come to an end? Will not our Church lay this matter of the existence of our mission in China to heart, throw herself into the work generously and nobly, and furnish men and means for the thorough equipment of our mission stations?

Other Christian bodies are sending out reinforcements constantly. Let us not lag behind. God gives us this privilege of working for Him in China now. In a few years it may be that the native Church—God in His mercy grant it—may be strong enough to carry on the great work of the evangelization of China almost unaided. But now, when the Church here is weak and struggling, is the time for generous, manly aid for self-sacrifice on the part of the Church at home.

To come to the point at once: what I now earnestly desire of the Church at home is that two missionaries may be immediately sent out for Wuchang. Mr. Hoyt is at present taking the Rev. Wm. Boone's place, and Dr. Bunn is working faithfully as a medical missionary; and what we need is two men who may be learning the language and to be in training to help and carry on the work both now and in the future.

Cannot there be found two earnest men who will come forward at once and offer themselves for the work of Christ in Wuchang? And will not those of our Church people who desire the progress of the work in China come forward and furnish means to equip two missionaries for this important station.

Dr. Nelson, whose long years of experience as a veteran missionary has made his judgment of especial value, and who has visited Wuchang and gauged the importance of the work there, earnestly recommends that this station be sustained and reinforced, and let not the Church disappoint us, we beg, by being lukewarm in this matter.

I am the more encouraged to make this appeal because of the assurances that have been given us by practical aid and sympathy from our friends at home and from our Churchwomen, who are striving so nobly to help on the missionary college. We are now expecting the two young missionaries, Mr. Bates and Mr. Sayres, and we hope to begin the college as soon as practicable.

Let us hope that we may meet with an immediate response to our call for Wuchang. We feel that this station must and ought to be sustained.

My dear friends, will not two men offer themselves for this work? and will not the Church equip and send them out at once? We pray God that this appeal may not be made in vain.

S. I. J. SCHERESCHESKY.

#### VERMONT.

**STANDING COMMITTEE.**—At a meeting of the Standing Committee, held at Burlington, December 6th, Mr. J. M. C. Fulton, formerly a Methodist minister, was recommended to the bishop for deacon's orders.

Mr. Fulton was ordained on Sunday, December 8th, in St. Paul's church, Burlington.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

**Boston—The Late Dr. Wells.**—At the usual meeting of the clergy on Monday, December 9th, the time was spent in considering appropriate action to be taken on the death of the Rev. Dr. Wells. The bishop made an address doing respect to the memory of the deceased, and was afterwards followed by the Rev. Messrs. Gray and Fales. A committee was appointed, consisting of the bishop, the Rev. Dr. Hoppin, and the Rev. Messrs. Fales and Wright, to prepare proper resolutions and to present them at the next weekly meeting. It was also voted that the bishop call a meeting of clergy and laity to take measures towards a suitable and lasting memorial of Dr. Wells. The Rev. Messrs. Shinn, A. Gray, and Prescott were chosen as the committee to aid the bishop in the furtherance of such plan. It is probable that the memorial will take the form of a chapel or mission house in some part of the city where mission work would have a ripe field.

**Ordination.**—On Friday, December 7th, the bishop of the diocese ordained to the diaconate in St. James's church, Boston Highlands, Mr. Frederick Palmer, formerly a Congregational minister. Mr. Palmer was presented by the Rev. Percy Browne. The sermon on "Now then we are ambassadors," etc., was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Malcolm Douglass. It is understood that Mr. Palmer will act as assistant minister in Emmanuel church, Boston.

#### CONNECTICUT.

**SECOND CHURCH CONFERENCE.**—On Tuesday, January 14th, 1879, the Second Church Conference of this diocese will be held in the Athenaeum at New Haven, under the presidency of the bishop. The conference will be preceded by a celebration of the Holy Communion in Trinity church, at 9 A. M. The business sessions of the conference will be opened at 10 A. M. with an address by the bishop, and further sessions will be held at 3 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. There will be appointed essays and addresses on each of the following topics: "Woman's Work in the Church"; "The Tenure and Management of Church Property"; "Religion in the Public Schools"; "Temperance"; and "How to Promote Personal Piety among Members of the Church." The appointed essays and addresses will be confined to twenty-five minutes, and volunteer speakers will be allowed ten minutes each.

**FAIRFIELD ARCHDEACONRY.**—This archdeaconry held its annual meeting in Stamford on Tuesday, December 3d. Prayers were said in St. John's chapel by the archdeacon, the Rev. Wm. Tatlock, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Arthur Slean. The business meeting was called to order at the conclusion of the service. Nineteen of the clergy were present, and five lay-delegates.

It appears from the report of the treasurer that during the last conventional year there has been contributed for the missionary board of the diocese \$1,822; for local work \$280 was given—making a total of \$2,102. There has been expended in the archdeaconry for local work in aid of nine parishes and mission stations \$1,030.

In the evening a missionary meeting was held in St. Andrew's church. After prayers interesting and stirring addresses were made by the Rev. Drs. Tatlock and Spencer, the Rev. Mr. Haskins, and the Rev. Dr. Siegmund, chaplain of the Church German Society. An offering was made for local work in the archdeaconry.

The Rev. Dr. Siegmund reported as follows of the German work at Stamford and South Norwalk: The Stamford Mission in St. John's parish, of which the Rev. Dr. Tatlock is rector, is carried on by his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Hyde, who has made the German language and devotional literature a special study, and ministers most acceptably to his little German flock in their own language on two Sundays of the month. He has organized also in the parish a German church guild, comprising the best German element of the place. On the third Sunday the sermon is delivered by a missionary of the Church German Society from New York, to whom the monthly visitation of the Connecticut missions is assigned.

In South Norwalk the rector of Trinity church, the Rev. Dr. Spencer, likewise an accomplished German scholar, brings together almost all the

Germans of Norwalk on every third Sunday in the month for a German afternoon service, at which the sermon is delivered by the same missionary who officiates in Stamford. The German clergyman generally leaves New York on Saturday afternoon, goes directly to South Norwalk for a preparatory service on Saturday night, celebrates the Holy Communion there on Sunday morning at nine o'clock, assists in the English morning service, and holds with the rector the German vesper service, with sermon in the afternoon. He then drives to Stamford and joins the Rev. Mr. Hyde in his German Evensong at St. John's chapel, preaching again there. The Holy Communion is celebrated in German in the Stamford mission from six to eight times in the course of the year by the Rev. Mr. Hyde. The German people of Stamford and South Norwalk meet besides from time to time on week-days, when the chaplain of the Church German Society delivers lectures on some topic of general interest.

The archdeaconry voted for the support of these two missions an annual appropriation of \$180, which the rectors of the two churches pledged themselves to raise by special contributions and the offerings of the German people.

At this gathering of the clergy an effort was made to revive the Clerical Association of Fairfield county. At a previous annual meeting a motion was made to so put the association to sleep that it would be difficult to arouse it. This endeavor, however, seemed to be in vain; for by present appearances it has awaked into new life and energy; and it is hoped that this old organization will in the future be to its members as great a source of pleasure as it has been in the past.

**MARBLEDALE—St. Andrew's Church.**—This parish has recently suffered a severe loss in the death of Mr. Walter S. Hunt, one of its delegates to the last diocesan convention.

#### NEW YORK.

**NEW YORK—St. Luke's Hospital.**—The First Sunday after Christmas, December 29th, will be the day set apart in many of the city churches as Hospital Sunday—for collections in behalf of St. Luke's Hospital. The last annual report of the hospital presents the record of another year of good work done, and shows that it is now as ever worthy of all the support which Church people can give to it.

The superintendent's summary states that 910 patients were admitted during the year, the whole number treated being 1,063. Of these 910 were discharged, of whom 407 were cured, 295 improved, and 86 unimproved. The charity patients numbered 824; beneficiaries of associations (Trinity church supporting 21), 47; patients paying full rates, 116; paying in part, 76. The average cost per day per capita (including all expenses except improvements) was \$1.01 2-3; average cost, per patient, \$48.54. The patients were of many nationalities, and of the Church (436) and other religious bodies, including Roman Catholics and Jews. There are 62 endowed beds in the hospital.

The pastor of the institution (the Rev. George S. Baker) reports that the Holy Communion is administered weekly, and that he has baptized 10 adults, presented 11 persons for confirmation, solemnized 1 marriage, and officiated at 37 funerals, besides doing much other spiritual work which cannot be represented by statistics.

The entire expenses of the hospital have been \$53,057.12. The permanent fund has been increased by \$13,500 from bequests and donations. The treasurer reports that the revenue from subscriptions and donations, from the Century fund and the Hospital Sunday collection, upon which the hospital depends for the payment of current expenses, has for some years been steadily decreasing, resulting in part, no doubt, from an erroneous impression as to the amount of the endowment. The interest from the permanent fund during the past year has not been one-half sufficient to pay the necessary expenses of the hospital after the amount received from "paying patients" is deducted, while yearly a larger demand is made upon the charity of the institution in providing for those who are unable to pay anything towards the cost of their treatment.



The managers desire it to be specially noted that all applicants belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church who have applied for admission with diseases rendering them eligible for treatment have been received; and that they are glad to encourage a more liberal use of the hospital by the missionary clergy of the Church.

**HARLEM—Church of the Holy Trinity.**—On Sunday, November 24th, the rector of this church delivered a discourse appropriate to the close of the third year of his ministry. There have been within the three years 87 baptisms (of which 55 were during the third year); 113 persons have been confirmed; and 236 names have been added to the register of communicants. A mission Sunday-school has been in operation for eighteen months, which now numbers 17 teachers and 229 children. The parochial Sunday-school contains 36 officers and teachers and 355 scholars. The aggregate of both schools is 637. An industrial school is conducted on one afternoon in each week, containing 62 scholars.

The ladies of the church maintain a society for giving work to poor women during seventeen weeks of the winter; another for giving provisions and clothing to the needy; a missionary society; and a "mother's mission," with 34 members.

There is also a parish association, or brotherhood, and a temperance society, organized last May, which now numbers 52 members.

The heavy debt resting on the church has been reduced by \$20,000 during the three years. At the same time the parish has contributed \$4,566 to various charitable, benevolent, and missionary objects, viz., \$2,828 to its own charities, etc., and \$1,738 to objects extra-parochial. The seats in the church have been declared free at the evening service.

**KINGSTON—St. John's Church.**—On Advent Sunday a new purple altar cloth and antependium were presented to this parish (the Rev. C. W. Camp, rector) by the same parishioner who gave the brass altar ornaments some time ago. The work was done by the Sisters of St. John the Baptist, of New York city. A new church bell, weighing 1,235 pounds, has been purchased by the parish and placed in the tower of the church.

#### LONG ISLAND.

**BROOKLYN—Church of the Messiah.**—The savings bank which held a mortgage of \$35,000 on this church was placed in the hands of a receiver last winter. The vestry of the parish being called upon to pay off the mortgage found they could not transfer the mortgage elsewhere without reducing it some \$8,000. While considering how they could raise this amount, the rector (the Rev. Charles R. Baker) decided that he would make an attempt to have the debt totally cancelled, and succeeded in the course of a few weeks in getting the whole amount pledged, payable by Easter, 1879. On Advent Sunday he announced to the congregation that the mortgage had been reduced to \$15,000, and all the pledges had been promptly paid at maturity.

**Sunday-school Lesson Expositions.**—By request of the bishop of the diocese, through the Committee on Sunday-school Convocations, the rectors of St. Luke's, St. Mary's, St. James's, and St. Mark's churches, the church of the Messiah and the church of the Reformation have consented to give weekly expositions of the leaflet lessons, as arranged by the joint diocesan committees, and now in use by the schools of the churches named.

These expositions commenced on Wednesday evening, December 4th, and will be continued weekly hereafter. The rectors of the different parishes will alternate, and thus each one will be called upon once in six weeks. The expositions of the lessons for the month of December are given in St. James's church; for January, in the church of the Reformation; February, in St. Mark's church; March, in the church of the Messiah; April, in St. Luke's church; and May, in St. Mary's church.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVOCATIONS.**—During the next six months six Sunday-school convocations will be held in this diocese on Monday evenings at 7:45 o'clock, at which essays will be read and topics of interest discussed. The appointments

are made by the bishop, and the time and place of meeting, and names of the essayists, are as follows: December 16th, in St. Peter's chapel, Brooklyn, the Rev. G. R. Van De Water; January 20th, Emmanuel church, the Rev. N. Barrows; February 17th, St. Mark's church, the Rev. Dr. J. C. Middleton; March 17th, Christ church, E. D., the Rev. Spencer S. Roche; April 21st, place not appointed, the Rev. H. B. Cornwell; Tuesday, May 6th, place not appointed. The annual report will be presented at the last meeting by the committee of arrangements.

**A LETTER OF THE LATE BISHOP WILMER'S.**—During the pestilence which raged in the South the past summer, a circular was sent to the Sunday-schools throughout this diocese requesting them to make a collection on Sunday, September 22d, for the relief of children suffering from the results of the fever. Fifty-four schools responded, and the total amount received by the treasurer, Mr. S. M. Giddings, was \$1,508.78. The circular also asked for clothing, and sufficient to fill eight large boxes was received.

The committee sent the amount to the Bishops of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana—one third to each. One of the last acts of the late Bishop of Louisiana was to acknowledge the receipt of the amount sent him, viz., \$500.15, and his letter is given below:

NEW ORLEANS, November 29th, 1878.

Silas M. Giddings, Esq., Treasurer:

MY DEAR SIR: My lengthened absence from this city, on a visitation through this afflicted diocese, with the quarantine upon the mails, will explain the delay in the acknowledgment of your letter enclosing \$500.15 to be appropriated to the youthful sufferers from yellow fever.

For this act of munificence, how many thanks will ascend to heaven; how many orphan homes will be cheered, and blessings invoked upon the precious children, who have given this early proof of their desire to live not unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them; to forget themselves in ministering to the good of others; to add each one of them his little thread to strengthen the bond which makes us for the future, North and South, to be one Church and one people.

Bless the dear children, their teachers, ministers, and bishop, who have been inspired to this act of Christian brotherhood.

I hope some day to visit one of the schools and narrate some of the incidents which attend the distribution of this generous gift, for the latest contributions have done more to alleviate the misery which remains after the pestilence has abated. Children have been the chief sufferers and children our greatest benefactors—the living and the dead.

With profound respect and appreciation,

I am your faithful servant,

J. P. B. WILMER.

#### ALBANY.

**AMSTERDAM—St. Ann's Church.**—A society has been organized in this parish, under the title of St. Anne's Literary Union. It meets every Wednesday evening, for the discussion of questions of interest connected with the Church.

The Arion Glee Club, of this town, is expected to sing in the church on Christmas day, by invitation of the rector. The service will be largely choral.

**TROY—St. John's Church.**—The first number of a parish paper, entitled the *St. John's Tablet*, has been issued in this parish—the Rev. F. L. Norton, rector. It displays the interesting features usual in this class of publications, its children's department being especially full. It is to be published monthly.

**MISSION SERVICES.**—The Archdeacon of the Convocation of Ogdensburg, the Rev. Dr. H. R. Howard, held a mission in Dickinson, West Bangor, and Brushton, at the request of the rector, the Rev. W. M. Cook, and with his assistance and that of the Rev. J. B. Pitman, rector of St. Mark's, Malone, from Tuesday, November 19th, to Friday, the 20th, inclusive.

The work accomplished in Dickinson is, perhaps, worthy of special notice. The people settled at the southern extremity of the town, to the number of about forty, forming what is called "Hart's Neighborhood," applied to the land agent for that district, a communicant of Trinity church, Potsdam, for some Prayer Books.

These were furnished by the Albany Bible and Prayer Book Society, and sent, with a large number of Sunday-school question books, into "the neighborhood" about six months ago. On the 20th of November, at the request of the rector, who was detained that day by illness in his parish, and in company with the persons spoken of above, Archdeacon Howard made a visit to the locality just specified and ascertained the following notable facts: Service has been held regularly in "the neighborhood," with an average attendance of from thirty to thirty-five, ever since the Prayer Books were distributed. A Sunday-school has been gathered, consisting of six teachers and some twenty-five scholars. With the consent of the rector, a young man was appointed lay-reader, who will take duty as soon as the new school-house is completed.

What lends the above account a special interest is the fact that prior to the receipt of the books, as above, there had been no service or Sunday-school held in "the neighborhood." This is a good illustration of what the Prayer Book will do in any community as a "silent preacher," and of what any layman can accomplish who is disposed to provide for the spiritual as well as temporal necessities of those who are dependent upon him.

On Wednesday evening service was held in Dickinson in the Methodist house of worship, that building being completely filled, although the night was dark and stormy. The people joined heartily in the responses and listened attentively to a plain exposition of the Church's doctrine; and worship by the archdeacon.

On Thursday morning he was joined by the rector, and the two spent the entire day in visiting from house to house. At St. Regis Falls a great readiness was manifested on the part of the people to receive the tracts and books presented to them, and the wish was expressed on all sides for the services of the Church. A gentleman resident in the village seemed so much interested that the rector hopes at no distant day to appoint him to the office of lay-reader.

In the evening service was held in St. Mark's church, West Bangor, and the church was well filled. The Rev. J. B. Pitman preached, after Evening Prayer by the rector and himself, the archdeacon following in a brief account of the convocation. The same order was pursued the next evening in St. Peter's church, Brushton, the service on that occasion marking the close of a very successful mission.

#### WESTERN NEW YORK.

**TREASURER'S RECEIPTS.**—The treasurer of the diocese acknowledges the following receipts in his November report: Diocesan missions, \$1,491.12; bishop's salary, \$290.94; general fund, \$18.91; general convention expenses, \$55.01; diocesan convention expenses, \$66.47.

**ROCHESTER—St. James's Church.**—The laying of the foundation of the Sunday-school building of this church progresses. It is expected that the walls will be built and the flooring timbers laid before winter sets in.

**Christ Church.**—The Rev. W. D'Orville Doty, rector of this church, delivered his first anniversary sermon recently. He read the report of the finances of the parish, which was as follows: Receipts, \$9,517.40; disbursements, \$9,100.25; balance on hand, \$417.15. Upon the floating debt which a year ago was \$4,680, there has been paid \$3,321.11; leaving a balance of \$1,358.89, all of which is guaranteed and will be paid in a short time. Upon a recapitulation it was shown that the increase of receipts during the past year had been \$5,820.63.

#### NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

**THE BISHOP'S HEALTH.**—The health of Bishop Odenheimer permits him to ride out in favorable weather.

**NEWARK—Sermon by Bishop Littlejohn.**—The Bishop of Long Island preached before the Church Societies of this city on Tuesday, December 3d, their fourth anniversary.

**MADISON—Grace Church.**—The Rev. Dr. D. C. Weston has resigned the rectorship of this parish, his resignation taking effect on the First Sunday in Advent, December 1st. The statistics of the five years of his rectorship, given in



his farewell sermon, were as follows: Baptized, 64; confirmed, 65; married, 10; buried, 18; total amount of moneys raised, \$25,000. Of this sum was expended for the regular parish expenses, in round numbers, \$14,000; for the rectory fund and miscellaneous purposes, \$9,000; and for missions, \$2,000.

Dr. Weston leaves his parish with the intention of travelling for the benefit of his health, with deep regret on the part of the parish and himself.

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

**BISHOP'S VISITATIONS.**—Bishop Stevens made his annual visitation of the parishes of Trinity church, Centreville, and St. Paul's church, Doylestown, on Sunday, December 7th. In the morning he preached in the new chapel at Centre Hill, now nearly completed, and confirmed one person; and in the afternoon he preached and confirmed one person in Trinity church, Centreville. The Rev. J. T. Carpenter has charge of both these churches. In the evening of the same day the bishop, having driven to Doylestown, preached in St. Paul's church, and confirmed and addressed sixteen persons presented by the rector, the Rev. V. H. Berghaus. Overflowing congregations were present at all these services.

**PHILADELPHIA.**—*St. George's Church, West Philadelphia.*—This church is advertised to be sold by the sheriff. It is situated at Sixty-first and South streets, in the suburbs of the city. It is a handsome stone church, seating 400 persons, and cost \$15,000. There is also a Sunday-school building, which cost \$2,000, and was entirely paid for by the labors of the children and their friends. All this, with a large lot of ground, is to be sacrificed for a mortgage of \$6,500.

There is no locality in or around Philadelphia where the services of the Church are more needed than in this settlement of several hundred people, nearly all of whom are English mill operatives. The chapel of the Burd Asylum is the nearest church where there is a settled clergyman; but as the streets are not opened it is too far away, and the roads are too bad in winter for the people to attend there at all regularly. The whole population of Cardington, as the settlement is called, have manifested great earnestness and enthusiasm in their efforts to save the church. They have contributed generously and beyond their means, drawing their wages in advance, giving their building lots, and in one instance a poor woman gave her wedding ring and a few cents, saying it was all she had to give. They raised among themselves nearly \$2,000. One day they stopped work and secured the country around, soliciting subscriptions.

Much sympathy has been manifested by persons outside the church. The sheriff subscribed \$100 towards averting so serious a disaster from this parish. The parties engaged in the foreclosure have postponed the sale (which was advertised for December 23) until the 6th of January. Thirty-five hundred dollars have been subscribed so far, but the greater part is on condition that the whole amount be raised.

Do these facts require any additional appeal? Here is missionary work at the very door. Will the Church people of Philadelphia turn a deaf ear to the earnest cry of St. George's church?

Any contributions or subscriptions may be sent to Mr. B. G. Godfrey, Third National Bank, Broad and Market streets; or to the Rev. W. W. Farr, 3902 Walnut street; or to the Rev. G. J. Burton, Sixty-third and Market streets, West Philadelphia.

#### PITTSBURGH.

**BUTLER.**—*St. Peter's Church.*—The bishop of the diocese made his annual visitation to this parish on Sunday, December 8th, it being the first visit made since the present rector, the Rev. D. I. Edwards, took charge, about nine months ago. The bishop delivered an impressive sermon in the morning to a large congregation, from Acts x. 42, and administered confirmation to sixteen persons. On the same day he visited Petrolia, preached in the evening, and confirmed seven persons. On the following day the bishop made a visit to Millerstown, preached in the evening, and confirmed six persons.

The two last named towns are in the centre of

the great oil region, and this is the first visit of the bishop to them. The missions are self-sustaining, and were established at the time the rector of St. Peter's took charge of that parish. Much interest is manifested in the services of the Church at each place, and but for the depression of the oil interests at these points, a church building would have been erected at each place some time back. The Rev. Mr. Edwards holds service at these points every alternate Sunday.

#### MISSISSIPPI.

**ILLNESS OF BISHOP GREEN.**—We regret to state that the condition of the bishop's health is such that he has been obliged to give up his appointments for the present. A few days since he was at Meridian, confined to the house. The bishop writes to a friend: "My disease, good Dr. Redwood says, is a serious affection of the bronchial tubes, and it is accompanied by more or less fever every day. My cough still troubles me; my appetite has left me, and so has nearly all my strength. The result is (much as I hate to think of it) that doctors and friends unite in commanding me to return to my family. I cannot tell you how it almost breaks my heart to thus shrink from the prosecution of my work. But the truth is, I am an old man, and need not deny it."

**VICKSBURG.**—*Christ Church.*—The morning of the First Sunday in Advent was set apart in this church (the Rev. Dr. Sansom, rector), for the opening of the church, after extensive repairs and decoration, begun before the yellow-fever epidemic visited the city, and for a service in memory of the many communicants who had died during the year. It was also the anniversary of the beginning of the rector's incumbency. In the service the burial anthem, the *De Profundis* and appropriate hymns were used. The rector, who was assisted in the service by the Rev. J. B. Linn, preached from Heb. xi. 13, and Rev. xiv. 13. After alluding to the anniversary of his rectorship, Dr. Sansom spoke at length of the great loss the parish had suffered in the death of its wardens and of others, and of the sad scenes through which all had passed during the visitation of the fever; and enumerated the communicants who had died, paying a touching tribute to their memory. He then administered the Holy Communion. This service will be followed by other commemorative observances.

**GRENADA.**—The Rev. William C. McCracken, rector of the church at this place, writes as follows in the local paper regarding the aid given by the Church to the sufferers by yellow-fever:

"I have received from the Church (which never fails to support her officers 'at the front') about one car-load of provisions, champagne, delicacies, etc., several cases of clothing, blankets, bed-linen, etc., and a little over \$7,000 cash, to be distributed according to my own judgment. There is scarcely a family in the town or vicinity that has not felt the benefit of the above during the epidemic; but as it would be poor Christianity (and only gratify an idle curiosity) to help those in affliction and then publish the details, it will never be done. Only let those who have received such assistance recognize the fact that God has helped them through His Church. Give Him, therefore, the praise, and do not forget that the same Church which was able and willing to lend her aid when the air was thick with disease, pain, and death is still here, able and willing to help you in the far more important matter of saving you from spiritual disease, pain, and death of the soul."

Mr. McCracken has also issued an Advent pastoral letter, in which touching allusion is made to his people's sufferings and sorrows during the past season, and they are urged to gather spiritual improvement from their sad experience.

#### NORTHERN TEXAS.

**DALLAS.**—*St. Matthew's Cathedral.*—On Thanksgiving-day the fruits of the earth, used in decorating the church for the service, were afterward distributed among the poor, and a part of the offerings was sent to the Parsons Memorial Fund.

During Advent the bishop is delivering an instructive series of lectures upon the Second Ad-

vent of our Lord—considered historically and practically. The lectures are intended to counteract the views which are being proclaimed through a large part of this jurisdiction by the Seventh Day Adventists.

The cathedral grammar-schools, for boys and girls, under the charge of the Rev. J. F. Hamilton, give fair promise of ultimate success, if proper buildings can be secured. Both schools are crowded into the old church, which is barely large enough for one. There are suitable buildings for sale in the town, but the Church people are not able to purchase them.

#### OHIO.

**TOLEDO.**—*Trinity Church.*—During the year ending November 1st the Dorcas Society of this parish received \$2,241 40, and expended \$1,234.88, leaving a balance of \$1,006.52 in the treasury. Of this balance, after retaining enough to pay the society's pledge on account of the assistant minister's salary, \$300 was voted as the beginning of a church improvement fund. The principal officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Mrs. J. H. Maples; vice-president, Mrs. H. S. Waite; secretary, Mrs. W. L. Holbrook; treasurer, Miss H. A. Birkhead.

**WELCOME OF THE BISHOP.**—At the recent meeting of the Convocation of Cleveland a formal welcome was given to Bishop Bedell on his return from Europe. After a brief service the Rev. Dr. Bolles made the following address to the bishop:

"Right Reverend Father in God:

"It is well for you and happy for this congregation that I have had so little time in which to prepare an address of welcome; for otherwise I should naturally desire to say much more, as expressive of our thoughts and feelings, than the occasion allows.

"There may be other dioceses more demonstrative in their congratulations on the return of their bishops from the important mission in which they have been engaged as members of the Anglican Communion than is the Diocese of Ohio.

"But I am sure there is no diocese in the whole American Church which is more happy in its bishop; more confident of the purity and excellency of his character as a bishop, at all times and in all places; more proud of the wisdom and eloquence of his utterances, whether in the old Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or in the Sheffield Congress, or in the pulpit of St. Paul's cathedral, or in the great Lambeth Conference; nor is there any diocese which can possibly extend to its bishop a warmer or heartier welcome than is extended to you to-night in behalf of the Diocese of Ohio, of all its members, of the Convocation of Cleveland, and I may say in behalf of the people of this city, who have learned to esteem and to love you as an earnest and faithful Christian bishop.

"Your own people have watched your course with the intensest interest; you have lived among us all through your absence, in our unceasing prayers for you and yours; and now we lift up our hearts to God with the liveliest emotions of gratitude for your safe return; and our most earnest prayers for you always are comprehended in the blessing pronounced on the occasion of the enthronement of the Bishop of Lichfield, at which, we suppose, you were present:

"May the people honor thee. May God help thee and defend thee. The Lord grant thee all thy petitions, and endue thee with honor, with chastity, with knowledge, with bountifulness, with charity and humility. Be thou worthy, just, patient, sincere, as an angel and messenger of Christ. May God be thy Father, and the angels of God protect thee. Be the Church thy mother, and the apostles thy example. The Lord confirm and strengthen thee in righteousness and holiness. Peace ever be with thee through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

To this address the bishop responded in a long speech, in which he stated that he was greatly touched by the expression of the esteem in which he was held by his people. He also gave a detailed account of his experiences in Europe, which was heard with much interest.



## ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO—*Testimonial to the Bishop.*—On the evening of the Second Sunday in Advent, December 8th, during the service in the cathedral, the clergy of Chicago presented to Bishop McClaren a testimonial of their esteem for, and loyalty to, him, ten clergymen being present in the cathedral.

The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke made the following address to the bishop in behalf of the clergy:

"RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD: I cannot tell you how readily and graciously the clergy of your cathedral city grasped at this opportunity offered them of expressing their attachment to you, their congratulations on the third anniversary of your consecration, and their gratitude to Almighty God for the blessings which He has bestowed upon the diocese given to your care.

"Three years ago to-day witnessed a brilliant scene indeed in this cathedral; the long procession of bishops and clergy; the thronging crowds; the glorious music; the dignity and solemnity of the ceremonial; the earnest words of the preacher—all combined to paint a picture which will not soon fade out of the memories of those who saw it. Those who were near you knew by the expression of your face the depth of your feelings. We knew how awful the hour was to you when you passed from the honored rectorship of a beloved parish to the Episcopal throne of a diocese all unknown to you, which had been torn by internal strife, and which was smarting under the rejection of two of its chosen candidates, both men of brilliant repute, and one of whom (to prove the truth of its sense of deep injustice) has since been consecrated to another see. There were controversies connected with the past which you foresaw rising before you; there was your own humble estimate of your own powers. It was not a joy unmixed with pain, even though the alleluia rose loud and clear upon the air. Now that three years have passed away, what phantoms these things have proved to be! As soon as a bishop was again at the helm, the waves subsided, the angry storm passed over, there was peace. Divided brethren joined hands again for the common work of the Church. Bitter words were generously forgotten. Attempts to fan the smouldering embers of difference were frowned down, and now I know of no diocese more united, more harmonious, more loyal to its bishop and its Church. God grant that it may long remain so, and that no energy may be dissipated in vain words, which can be made useful in the glorifying of the cause of the Lord Christ. You have, of course, met with the ordinary difficulties of a ruler and a guide. Some of them arose from the terrible financial pressure, which fell so heavily upon the work of the Church. Others are ever present in every diocese. There is always the 'aggrieved parishioner,' and always the unwise priest. Like the poor, we have them always with us.

"I think that I speak the sentiments of all when I say that you have met those difficulties with that worldly wisdom your experience so amply gave you, with that sympathy which characterizes a man of warm and noble affections, and with that Christian patience and tenderness which is better than mitre or crozier for the adorning of a bishop in the Church of God. But the meeting of difficulties has been a mere fraction of your work. You have had the glorious privilege of confirming and strengthening hundreds of souls by the laying on of apostolic hands. You have witnessed progress, zeal, enterprise in all parts of your diocese, there being mission work now carried on at fifty different points. You have inspired noble undertakings, and breathed into fainting hearts new vigor. Above all, you have witnessed the consummation of a scheme which owes its success in great measure to your wise judgment—the division of the diocese into three dioceses, each with a grand bishop at its head. On all these well-earned grounds we offer you our congratulations. With you we look forward to many years of devoted labor and spiritual reward. We pledge you our aid, our loyalty, our prayers. As sons around a father we will gather around you; as a father among his sons you will stand before us. It is a noble diocese, that in which God has cast your lot and ours. This city alone would be a splendid see, enough to occupy all your time; but besides this a great

territory looks up to you for episcopal supervision. May God bless you in your ruling of it, and, when you come to stand before Him in your lot at the great Advent, may you be able to point to a great crowd of happy souls and say: Lo, here am I and those whom Thou didst give me."

To this address the bishop replied with great warmth of feeling. He said that he had expected nothing of the kind, and was as greatly surprised as he was touched by the words of cheer and affection and the promises of ever-increasing fraternity and coöperation. If the diocese had prospered during the three years of his administration it was God's work. If it had not prospered, it was not because it had not been laid before God and given into His hands.

## IOWA.

BURLINGTON—*Christ Church.*—This parish, which has been in charge of the Rev. F. M. Gregg since last Easter, is in a prosperous condition. The old church has been abandoned and a suitable building in the business part of the city secured and appropriately fitted up, and the congregation is much pleased with the change. The hall in which the services are held seats 400 persons, and the second story, of similar size, is used by the church guild. The choir-room is the work-room of the parish. The sewing school is very successful under the management of the Committee of Works of Mercy. The school now has seventy pupils and fifteen teachers.

On the eve of Thanksgiving-day this committee gave a charity concert, at the same time receiving contributions of clothing and provisions for the poor. The result of these efforts and the contributions of Thanksgiving-day was two hundred dollars' worth of money and provisions. The distribution began after the Thanksgiving service, and is continued on Saturday afternoons.

The Sunday-school is in a very promising condition. The singing is excellent, and the school will soon furnish two additional choirs of boys and girls for the services of the church.

## MICHIGAN.

DIOCESAN STATISTICS.—The Journal of the forty-fourth annual convention of the Church in this diocese contains the following statistics: Clergymen canonically resident (priests, 52; deacons, 2), 54; candidates for Holy Orders, 6; parishes, 69; missions, 23; confirmed, 422; families, 3,822; individuals, 14,114; baptisms (adults, 189; infants, 823), 1,012; communicants, 6,478; marriages, 162; burials, 412; Sunday-school teachers, 749; pupils, 6,220; total contributions; \$134,252.19 The figures given above are those reported in the Journal; but the number of parishes reporting is incomplete.

DETROIT—*Grace Church.*—The Rev. Dr. C. H. W. Stocking recently delivered his third anniversary sermon as rector of this church, and gave in it a sketch of the parish when he became rector, and its work during the last three years. After stating that when he took charge of the parish less than 100 communicants were enrolled, and the parish debt was \$26,000, Dr. Stocking said:

Within the past three years 570 actual communicants have been enrolled, and there are others who are understood to claim membership with us, whom I see from time to time in our pews, and at the Holy Communion, and yet who have not acquainted me with their names and residences. Of this large number of communicants I have admitted 178 to their first communion, 68 former members have resumed their connection with the parish, and the remainder have been added by removal from other parishes and dioceses. I have baptized 46 adults and 118 children—in all 164; presented 149 for confirmation; officiated at 53 marriages, and buried 73 persons. Our Sunday-school has numbered in all about 500 children, of whom 8 have fallen asleep, and a large number have removed from the city and parish, leaving 360 actual members of our school at the present time.

The total of offerings for the three years is about \$38,000—from pew-rents, Sunday offerings, Easter offerings, Young Men's Association, the Ladies' Aid Society, and sundry generous gifts from private sources. Of this amount \$14,868 have been paid on principal and interest

of church debt, and the remainder for the current expenses of the church—repairs and improvements, the poor, and all the local, diocesan, and general charities. Of this amount of offerings, \$1,100 were contributed by the Sunday-school, \$1,417 by the Young Men's Association, \$1,028 by the Ladies' Aid Society, and not far from \$12,000 by one generous family, of whose bountiful goodness to this parish I hope they will forgive me for so public and grateful a mention. Our pew-rents aggregate about \$4,000 per annum, and the weekly offertory yields about \$1,200 (excluding Easter offerings), these sums being largely in excess of those which I find reported in former years, and they furnish abundant proof of a sturdy and systematic growth in financial strength, notwithstanding the unexpected continuance of hard times. During my rectorship I have held 684 services, and made about 5,000 visits of a strictly parochial or professional nature, and all this, thank God, with the loss of but one Sunday through illness.

## WISCONSIN.

THE CATHEDRAL CHAPTER.—On Tuesday morning, December 10th, at 7:30 o'clock, a number of the clergy and laity of the diocese appointed by the bishop of the diocese as members of the Cathedral Chapter, received the Holy Communion in the chapel of the cathedral. Directly after this service they breakfasted together at the Clergy House, and after breakfast met at the Cathedral Hall, which served as a chapter house.

Upon convening, the bishop, after the use of appropriate collects, announced the following appointment of a cathedral chapter, to hold office until such time as the bishop and the diocesan council shall put in operation a cathedral canon: The Rev. E. W. Spalding, D.D., Dean; the Rev. C. L. Mallory, Resident Canon; the Rev. E. R. Ward, Resident Canon; the Rev. David Keene, D.D., Associate Canon; the Rev. W. H. Throop, Associate Canon; the Rev. A. D. Cole, D.D., Pres. Nashota Home, Conciliar Canon; the Rev. J. De Koven, D.D., Warden Racine College, Conciliar Canon; the Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D., Conciliar Canon; the Rev. John Wilkinson, Conciliar Canon; the Rev. W. B. Ashley, D.D., dean, M'd Con., Missionary Canon; the Rev. F. Royce, dean, Madison Con., Missionary Canon; the Rev. A. M. Lewis, dean, La Crosse Con., Missionary Canon; Mr. J. F. Birchard, Lay Associate; Mr. S. Bush, Lay Associate; Mr. J. H. Brigart, Lay Associate; Mr. Winfield Smith, chancellor; Mr. L. H. Morehouse, treasurer.

In organizing this chapter and naming its officers the bishop stated the principle on which it was organized, and the work which it is to do, as follows: "The inherent powers belonging to a bishop in the American Church are limited only by the constitution and canons of the general convention, and the constitution and canons of his diocese, he having assented thereto. I feel it right, therefore, there being no law to the contrary, to organize the Cathedral Chapter of the Diocese of Wisconsin, and to appoint its officers under the condition of continuance in office which I have stated. In considering the work of this chapter it is proper to note, first, what a body so organized cannot undertake or do. Even if incorporated under the laws of Wisconsin, this body could not hold the cathedral property, because the provisions of the trust under which the property is now held require that the chapter to which this property may be transferred must in its organization have the consent of the bishop and council. The chapter as now organized cannot take charge of any work in this diocese for the validity of which the consent of the council is necessary, or for which other provisions have been made by the council or its organized boards. On the other hand, this chapter can take charge of any work committed to it by the bishop, which is not subject to the limitations above mentioned. I therefore commit to the cathedral chapter the charge of the diocesan church known as All Saints' Cathedral, as its governing and executive body, to do the work in accordance with the provisions of the canon which I read to the council assembled in the cathedral on the 19th of November. I further commit to the chapter the duty of considering the provisions of the canon under which it is acting, altering and amending it in such



manner as may make it wholly fitted to be presented to the diocesan council for its consideration and acceptance."

The consideration of the financial management of the cathedral resulted in the appointment of a committee consisting of the dean, the chancellor, the treasurer, the Rev. Dr. DeKoven and Mr. J. H. Reigart.

In considering the subject of the amendment of the canon, a few verbal alterations were made, and a number of suggestions and amendments were proposed and referred to the consideration of the next meeting of the chapter appointed to be held Monday, January 20th 1879.

#### NIOBARA.

**AN ADVENTURE OF THE BISHOP'S.**—The Secretary of the Committee for Indian Missions (No. 32 Bible House) sends us the following extract from a letter written by Bishop Hare at Buffalo Gap, Dakota, November 14th, on his way back from the Black Hills to Yankton Agency. The incident narrated is one, as the secretary remarks, over which friends can smile, now that they know of the bishop's safe arrival at his mission headquarters on the 30th ult.; but when the letter came to hand, the situation described was certainly no laughing matter. In the varied experience of our Western missionary episcopate, this incident is perhaps *unique*. It surely represents a novel phase of the "perils in the wilderness," which a missionary bishop of old encountered in the line of his work.

The extract mentioned is as follows:

"My Dear Brother: I reached here last night, at midnight; turned into my tent, which I had left pitched by the ranch, and rose early this A. M. only to find that the white driver whom I had temporarily employed and left in charge, had been "on a bust" (that's the word out here). However, we started about 8 A. M. I left him two miles out, to try to find the road, charging him to remain where he was. To my dismay, when I had got about half a mile from him, he started off, frantically beating his horses, in a direction exactly away from me. I ran and hallooed after him, but in vain, and there was nothing for me to do but trudge back to the whiskey ranch, and send out a man on horseback after him. At noon they appeared. He went to bed, got up and drank again, and here I am, near night, 100 miles from Deadwood; sixty from Red Cloud; the wilderness around me, and a drunken man on my hands. Do you wonder if my heart sinks a little?"

**SANTEE AGENCY—Episcopal Mission.**—The Rev. W. W. Fowler writes, under date of December 2d:

There were services at the Central church on Thanksgiving-day. The Santee Sioux men and women, clad in neat clean clothes, attended the services in a goodly number. The hymns of praise and thank-giving that ascended to the Lord of heaven on this day seemed sweeter than ever. A number of the older Dakotas called at my house after the service was over to tell me about their love of God, and about the many things for which they had reason to be thankful. They thanked God for salvation and the Church above all other blessings. They assured me of their determination to stand by the Church.

I trust the good people of the East will ever continue to help these poor people to a knowledge of the true God, and a worship which is acceptable to Him, until every soul "has learned Messiah's name."

#### MONTANA, IDAHO, AND UTAH.

**BISHOP'S VISITATIONS.**—Bishop Tuttle reached Boise, the capital of Idaho, on Friday, October 25th. The one clergyman in all that territory (the Rev. W. Bollard) was more than glad to welcome his bishop, as he had not seen the face of a clerical brother since the bishop's former visitation, eighteen months previous. A right hearty greeting was accorded the bishop by the people of Boise, who have now had eleven years' acquaintance with him.

On October 27th the bishop preached in St. Michael's church, Boise. Here he had the pleasure of hearing the only pipe organ in all the churches of his jurisdiction. It was purchased a few months since, and, with the exception of twenty-five dollars, is altogether paid for. Dur-

ing the past year two additional lots have been purchased, at a cost of \$550, thereby securing the removal of stables and rendering the church grounds double their former extent. On this purchase \$3 has been already paid by the parish. Very marked improvements have been effected in the rectory and grounds, making it a desirable property. Church, school, and rectory are all heated with furnaces.

Knowing the disasters which, through the prevalence of diphtheria, had befallen St. Michael's School, it was a great satisfaction to the bishop to find two teachers actively at work, with sixty pupils in regular attendance, the Church's chants, Psalter, and Catechism being daily used as opening exercises, and the organ, formerly in the church, now in use in the school.

At 3 A. M., November 1st, the bishop and the rector of St. Michael's took stage for Silver City, where they arrived after thirteen hours' travel through extremes of heat and cold. Four days were spent in visiting. Eight children were baptized, and one couple married. This was the third opportunity for true Catholic worship which Silver City had enjoyed within three years and a half. Here is a population of 700, having no religious teaching beyond the quarterly visits of a Roman priest and the half-yearly visits of the rector at Boise. The bishop's coming was eagerly looked forward to. The singers had practised every evening for a week before his arrival. But alas! thanks to an infatuation with Moody and Sankey's rhymes, though the organist was a Churchman recently from the States, instead of the Jubilate the congregation had to listen to "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and for one of the hymns, "Sweet By and By," embellished with an echo. The echo was to have been produced by two ladies placed in the doxyway; then, upon the remonstrance of the rector, they demanded a place on the platform near the clergy. At length the rector induced them to be content with seats behind the other sinners.

On November 15th the bishop and his presbyter took stage for Idaho City. Here six children and two adults were baptized, and two persons confirmed, seventeen partaking of the Holy Communion; and the funeral of one who had committed suicide by poisoning was conducted by Mr. Bollard. Placerville was next reached. Here three infants were baptized. In Boise, Sunday, November 24th, five adults and sixteen children were baptized, and fifteen persons confirmed; also one received from another communion. Holy Communion was partaken of by fifty-six persons. It is an interesting coincidence that in this parish at the past three visitations fifteen have each time been confirmed.

At midnight, November 24th, the bishop set out to keep his appointments for services at Terrace and Kelton, leaving the rector of Boise under orders to spend the following Sunday in the Payette valley.

On Saturday, November 30th, Mr. Bollard travelled by stage thirty-two miles, then walked six more to reach his destination. He was hospitably welcomed at the house of Dr. Burge. Here an unlooked for addition to the services was had not at all tending to devotion. The chief man in the community, when about to take up the collection, made a speech to the congregation. He said the minister had come by stage and on foot, that it was not often a clergyman came among them, and, indeed, he didn't know they wanted one to come, but at all events he would ask them to put their hands in their pockets and hand out the money for the minister's expenses. Then going first to the men, he told them to search for the dollars and half dollars. This he deliberately said to most of them. Then turning to the ladies, he said he hoped none imagined their husbands had contributed for them; that he wished them to act for themselves and hand out their own contribution. This caused some to set about borrowing from their neighbors. The amount gathered was \$7.50.

After morning service at Emmetsville Mr. Bollard set out on horseback for McFarland's School-house, twenty miles distant, where an evening service was expected. On arriving there, after six o'clock, it was found the congregation had been an hour in waiting. With no time for rest or thought the service had to proceed. The room was dimly lighted with a few candles, so the sermon intended to be read remained in the pocket, but the rector proved equal to the

emergency. Among the audience was a Baptist minister. Fearing some performance like that at the morning service, no collection was asked for here. This service was instrumental in removing much prejudice and in enhancing the value of the labors of a devout postulant who bravely conducts a Sunday school in that locality. After another three miles on horseback, a cup of tea, and some rest, at 1 A. M. Mr. Bollard secured an outside seat on the stage, and, travelling all night, at 11 o'clock next morning reached home.

It is to be lamented that at least five more clergymen cannot immediately be placed in this territory. It is folly to wait until the people have utterly forgotten Christianity, or have become disgusted by sectarianism. Throughout all Southern Idaho the ministrations of the Church are more acceptable than those of any other religious organization. In the "Basin" there is ample work for one clergyman. Idaho City, Placerville, Centerville, Pioneer, Horse-shoe Bend, and Garden Valley could all be cared for by him. In the last-named place twenty-seven families are located, with farms all adjoining, and a dozen more families are expected there next year. Silver City, Fairview, and Reynolds Creek would be work enough for another. At Salmon City, in Eastern Idaho, lay services are now held, but a clergyman should be on hand to welcome the multitudes who are rapidly flocking thither. Lewiston and Mount Idaho ought immediately have another. Northern Idaho is being fast peopled by settlers. More than one thousand applications for homesteads have been filed by actual settlers at the register's office in Lewiston during the past six months. The soil is of remarkable fertility. There is no necessity for irrigation, and timber is found in abundance. The climate at Lewiston is as delightful as at Boise. The Church ought to note these facts.

The writer has one appeal to make in behalf of the Church school at Boise. This is a most important work, but it is menaced by a serious opposition. The only aid received toward its maintenance is one scholarship of forty-five dollars. We need ten such to enable us to hold our ground and retain our teachers, who are thoroughly qualified for their work. Any Sunday-schools sending a contribution to Bishop Tuttle for this work in Idaho will have our hearty thanks.

The writer desires to thank those who have so kindly forwarded copies of THE CHURCHMAN for distribution. From a letter by the Rev. W. Bollard.

**SALT LAKE CITY.**—The *Daily Herald* of this city, a Mormon journal, publishes in a recent number a very favorable account of St. Mark's Grammar School, under the care of the bishop, and describes its condition as most prosperous. It has at present an average daily attendance of pupils, both boys and girls, of whom 180 are under free tuition, being supported by contributions from the Church. The school is divided into eleven grades, and is served by fourteen teachers. Thirty boys are receiving instruction in classical studies and the academic department contains fifty students, some of whom are girls preparing to enter Eastern colleges. There is also a library of about 700 volumes.

#### ORDINATIONS.

**VERMONT.**—On the Second Sunday in Advent, December 8th, in St. Paul's church, Burlington.—*Deacon:* Mr. J. M. C. Fulton, lately a Methodist minister.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—On Friday, December 7th, in St. James's church, Boston Highlands.—*Deacon:* Mr. Frederick Palmer, lately a Congregational minister.

**CENTRAL NEW YORK.**—On the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, October 27th, in Grace church, Syracuse.—*Deacon:* Mr. Samuel Wesley Strowger.

#### CONFIRMATIONS.

**CENTRAL NEW YORK.**—In St. John's church, Auburn (in private), 26; at McLean, 1; Smithborough, 4; Wellsburgh, 2; Big Flats, 1; Greene, 31; Dey's Landing, 1; Willowdale, 7; Waterloo, 18; Cayuga, 2.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—At Centre Hill, 1; Centerville, 1; Doylestown, 16.

**PITTSBURGH.**—At Butler, 16; Millerstown, 6; Petrola, 7.

**INDIANA.**—At Warsaw, 2.

**MISSOURI.**—At Independence, 1; in St. Luke's church, Kansas City, 6; Grace church, 3; at Cameron, 1; Lexington, 6.

**MONTANA, IDAHO, AND UTAH.**—At Idaho City, 2; Boise City, 15.

#### PERSONALS.

The Rev. T. S. Bacon's address is No. 73 East Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.



The Rev. Joseph R. Gray, rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Trenton, Tenn., has returned from abroad and resumed his duties. Address, Trenton.

The Rev. W. O. Jarvis is doing chaplain's duty at the Church Charity Foundation, Brooklyn, N. Y. Address accordingly.

The Rev. P. G. Jenkins's address is Richmond, Little River county, Ark.

The Rev. Charles Pelletreau has assumed the rectorship of the church of the Holy Communion, Paterson, N. J.

The Rev. E. B. Tuttle, Chaplain U. S. A., has returned from England. Address, Boulevard, corner of One Hundred and Fifth street, New York city.

The Rev. E. Weil has resigned the rectorship of Christ church, Delaware City, Del.

The Rev. Sidney H. Woodford has declined an election to the rectorship of Christ church, Joliet, Ill.

## NOTICES.

Marriage notices, one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Thirty Cents a Line*, nonpareil (for *Three Cents a Word*), prepaid.

## MARRIED.

In Edenton, N. C., December 4th, 1878, in St. Paul's church, by the Rev. Joseph Blount Cheshire, D.D., the Rev. ROBERT BRENT DRANE to Miss MARIA LOUISA WARREN SKINNER, daughter of the late Colonel Tristram L. Skinner. No cards.

## DIED.

Entered into rest, at Tarrytown, N. Y., November 25th, MARY A. DOON, daughter of the late John G. Doon of Savannah, Ga.

Entered into rest, on the Third Sunday in Advent, at North Attleboro', Mass., the Rev. FREDERIC A. FISKE, rector of Grace church.

November 28th, 1878, at Pontiac, Mich., CHARLOTTE, widow of the late Mr. John Pound, formerly of Ecclehampton, Wiltshire, England, aged 66 years, much mourned and beloved by many friends. She died in the comfort of a religious and holy hope.

## RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the vestry of St. Mark's church, Philadelphia, held December 13th, 1878, the rector, the Rev. E. A. Hoffman, in the chair, the chairman announced to the vestry the death of the Right Rev. Joseph P. B. Wilmer, formerly rector of the parish, and on motion the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That while the Church at large mourns the loss of one of its best, most earnest, and influential prelates, the death of the Right Rev. Joseph P. B. Wilmer, late Bishop of Louisiana, to this congregation commends the severance of the earthly ties connecting it with one who was mainly influential in its original formation and in the erection of its beautiful church building, and whose eloquent and faithful discharge of duty as its first pastor contributed largely to the early prosperity of the congregation, while his Christian virtues and amiable character endeared him to all who had the privilege of knowing him.

Others will remember Bishop Wilmer as an eminent and universally esteemed prelate. We desire to record our heartfelt sorrow on the occasion of the translation from this world's cares and duties of one whose memory we will ever cherish as that of a beloved friend and honored pastor.

SAMU. L. WAGNER, Jr.,  
Secretary of the Vestry.

## OBITUARY.

In the city of San Francisco, Cal., November 10th, at the residence of his son-in-law, the Rev. Edward B. Spalding, the Rev. HOMER WHEELER, a presbyter of the Diocese of Wisconsin, aged 59 years and 5 months.

A few words seem fitting at the earthly close of so earnest and faithful a life as the one thus called to paradise.

The Rev. Homer Wheeler was one of the earliest graduates of Nashotah Theological Seminary, Wisconsin.

One of the class of '49, he carried with him into parochial work and after-life that zeal for the service of his Master which has been a distinguishing trait of Nashotah's sons.

His diaconate was spent at Bristol, Ind. The following year he was advanced to the priesthood, and remained for four years long, strengthening and building up the parish of St. John's, Bristol. His first spiritual charge, and winning for himself an affection of the souls committed to his care, which after years but served to strengthen.

Called in 1854 to St. Peter's church, Ashtabula, Ohio, he entered upon this more important work. Here, also, by his zeal in the cause of Christ, in his parochial duties, and by means of a large and successful parish school, he left an impression on the Church of God which the Churchmen of Ashtabula and his successors in charge of the parish have ever gratefully acknowledged.

In 1858 he resigned this charge, and after a few months spent in Cleveland, Ohio, was called to be an instructor in Racine college, Racine, Wis., then under the care of the Rev. Roswell Park, D.D., its founder and first president. Here the remainder of his working life was spent, a period of nearly twenty years.

For seventeen years he was a member of the board of trustees of Racine College, and for a long time secretary of that body.

Throwing himself neither time nor labor, going through the Diocese of Wisconsin and adjoining cities soliciting aid, teaching in any department of instruction in which his services might be needed, taxing his strength to the uttermost, in the youth and weak-

of the institution, he was largely instrumental (under God) for its after-success and widespread influence.

During the later years of his life he filled the chair of mathematics in the college, where, by his scholarship and thoroughness of instruction, he labored the utmost to build up a high standard of intellectual culture in the institution. Not satisfied with merely the secular work of teaching, and ever mindful of his priestly responsibilities, he engaged in missionary work in the city of Racine and its environs.

He, with the Rev. Dr. Falk, at that time Professor of Classics in Racine College, organized the Mission of Holy Innocents and raised the money for the chapel erected for its use. Later he performed the duties of chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, Racine, and the last two years in addition to this responsibility, took charge of St. Stephen's chapel, another mission organized by one of the clergy of the college.

During this period he was elected president of the board of alumni of Nashotah Theological Seminary.

At the close of the collegiate year of 1878 the Rev. Prof. Wheeler resigned the chair of mathematics in Racine College, and came to San Francisco, Cal., to visit relatives and to enjoy the rest he so much needed after a laborious life, and one filled, especially in later years, with cares and anxieties.

Here the time that loving hearts had fondly trusted should have been brightened, in his declining years by the affection of a reunited family circle, was made, humanly speaking, all too short by God's wiser disposition.

Death met him (as he himself would have wished) at the very door of the house of God upon the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

## OBITUARY.

In Unionville, Conn., December 8th, SARAH, wife of P. B. Goodwin, in the 52d year of her age.

Our friend has entered into rest, and for her it is far better. But to us the loss is very great.

For more than thirty years Mrs. Goodwin has lived in this village, and all its interests were dear to her. By manifold deeds of kindness she endeared herself to all, and scarcely an individual could be taken from us whose loss would be more generally felt. But especially will she be missed from our little church circle. From the very first establishment of Episcopal services here she has been ready with heart and hand to encourage them. Her house has been the home of the clergy; her care was given to its every interest, and she rejoiced in the erection of the pretty church building, whose progress she watched with loving interest from corner-stone to final completion. While health was spared she was present at every public service, and in every effort for its prosperity she was relied on for helpful work, wise counsel, and cheerful encouragement. For more than three years she was aware of the presence of the insidious disease sent even as the King's messenger to call her up higher. How resolutely she strove against it; how bravely she submitted to painful operations intended to eradicate it; how patiently she bore the pain; and how calmly and cheerfully she looked forward to the end, can be known only to those nearest and dearest to her and to Him whose grace gave her victory.

In her life she was to us the example of faithful cheerfulness in every day duties. Her heart was full of the "milk of human kindness," and it will be long ere we cease to miss her welcoming smile, her warm sympathy, and helpful words of cheer. May we follow the example of her patience and be ready in the same faith which sustained her to welcome the advent of our Lord.

## APPEAL.

To the Clergy and Laity of New York:

DEAR BRETHREN: A committee of the managers of St. Luke's Hospital are reminding you that the last Sunday in the year, December 29th, is Mosaic Sunday, on which day, in your churches, offerings are desired for hospital purposes.

Their appeal, to which I most cordially give my approval and commendation, is for St. Luke's Hospital—an institution well deserving of our sympathy and support.

At the same time it is my duty to remind you of the claims of St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, under the care of the Sisters of St. Mary.

There are many of our Church people who feel a very tender interest in that free, loving home for suffering little ones, and who will desire that at least a part of their hospital offerings may go to that needy and meritorious object.

I feel a warm interest in both institutions, and commend both of them to the sympathy and support of all our Christian people.

HORATIO POTTER,  
Bishop of New York.

December 11th, 1878.

## CHRISTMAS AT ST. BARNABAS'S.

"Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,

He seems to be guilty of starving a mouse."

In the December number of *The Wide Awake* is a picture of five or six little birds huddled together on a branch and saying to each other, "Where shall we get our Christmas dinner?"

So ask the anxious hearts of the little army of children connected with St. Barnabas House, 304 Mulberry street. They are all on the tip-toe of excitement in regard to what will be done at Christmas.

The sixteen House children, who have been so lovingly remembered from year to year, whose stockings old Santa Claus always fills to overflowing, and whose Christmas tree he loads with glad surprises, are all ready in a fever of expectation. The Sunday-school and Day Nursery children are not a whit behind them in their visions and dreaming dreams of this joyous season and all the varied festivities of this joyous season.

We know that our kind friends will not, cannot, disappoint them; they never have, they never will. Please remember that provision must be made for at least 500 children at the dinner; and remember especially that 300 Sunday-school children are expecting a Christmas tree, with merry carolings and goodies and books and dolls and toys, and all the wonderful things that bring gladness to the heart of a child.

We plead earnestly for the Sunday-school, for the children come from homes where cheeriness and gifts

are not common, to say the least, and therefore we wish to make this gladstone time joyous with thoughts of the Christ-Child and God-Man, who brought goodwill to men.

With the opening of the new and beautiful building we would fain awaken a new interest in the School and make this Christmas-tide new in blessed influences and holy joys to all.

Thanks to all who helped to make Thanksgiving such a delight as it was to the 935 children and adults and to the fifty families who were provided with a feast at home!

Please send money, food, clothing, toys, and candy immediately to SISTER ELLEN, 304 Mulberry street; or to the Rev. C. T. WOODRUFF, Superintendent.

## APPEAL.

Allow me to make an appeal through your paper to our brethren in behalf of the Canfield Colored Orphan Asylum.

The late scourge has caused indescribable destitution. The little ones are shivering with cold; they must be taken off the streets and be provided for, and be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. This work of love, begun in faith, now appeals to Christian hearts for the aid it so much needs, and of which it is so worthy.

For the Master's sake, therefore, I ask each member of the Church who reads this appeal, to send me whatever their charitable hearts will contribute.

Remittances may be made to me, or to the Rt. Rev. C. T. Quintard and the Rev. Dr. G. C. Harris.

Respectfully,  
J. B. MCCONNELL,  
Minister in Charge of Immanuel Church,  
Memphis, Tenn.

## AN APPEAL FOR AID.

DEAR BRETHREN OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY: Our church building in this parish is located in a dark and unfrequented part of the town, and a great part of the year almost inaccessible. Even the title to the ground is doubtful. We purpose buying a lot centrally located for church and rectory, and moving our church edifice to the same, thereby giving the Church an equal footing with the other religious bodies of the town. The future growth and prosperity of the parish depends wholly upon this one thing. Our membership is small, and composed almost entirely of poor people. After a diligent canvass we only lack \$300. Will some of our churches, or individual members, whom God has blessed with a competence, kindly come to our help and rescue? All amounts will be very thankfully received by the rector and acknowledged through the columns of *THE CHURCHMAN*. "Whosoever giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

BENJAMIN F. MATRAU, Rector.  
Calvary Parish, Louisiana, Mo., December 4th, 1878.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The undersigned has received the following sums for the American memorial to Kehl:  
Mr. G. W. Childs, \$100; Mr. Lemuel Coffin, \$10; Cash, \$5; Miss Babbitt, \$5; the Rev. John Binney, \$5; the Rev. R. H. Clarkson, D.D., L.L.D., \$1; the Rev. P. K. Cady, D.D., \$5; Mr. Augustus W. Reynolds, \$5; the Rev. Dr. Boies and family, \$5; Mrs. Henry C. Potter, \$20; Mrs. E. C. Atkinson, \$5.

It is to be hoped that those who have the disposition and ability to make larger contributions will not confine themselves to a contribution of five dollars. It is greatly to be desired that the matter should be accomplished at an early day.  
HENRY C. POTTER.  
New York, December 10th, 1878.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Eighth Ward Mission gratefully acknowledges the following donations: Mrs. A. M. Muntarn, \$10; Mrs. A. G. Constable, \$6; H. W. Sibley, \$5; Mr. Holstein, \$5; Oelrich & Co., \$5; Tiffany & Co., \$5; S. W. Die, \$2; S. Miles, \$1; S. C. Welsh, \$1; Tites Bros., \$5; C. C. \$250; Mrs. R. D. Perry, 10 pounds of coffee; Miss Cornelia Jay, 2 boxes of beautiful toys; Morrison, one hundred and thirty felt hats, 3 little baby jackets, 2 hoods, little cloak, thirty yards of ribbon, some remnants of silk, 4 cloaks, etc.; Mr. Schultz, box of soap; Mrs. Gray, parlor stove.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Rockland, Me.: "A friend," by Bishop Neely, \$5; Mrs. F. L. Bush, \$5; total, \$10.

WM. WALKER.  
Thomaston, Me., December 10th, 1878.

## THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.

needs immediate contributions to enable it to fulfil its obligations to students in school and college.

We need \$2,000 in the month of December. Will not the faithful friends of the Society, and those "whom God hath blessed" with abundance, give liberally to this important work?

Remittances and applications may be addressed to the Rev. H. W. SPALDING, Corresponding Sec'y, or the Rev. F. D. HARRIMAN, 179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" published hereafter will appear under the full signature of the writer.

## JOHN TALBOT NOT THE "FIRST BISHOP."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

THE CHURCHMAN of November 23d, in noticing Dr. Hill's late discourse upon the early ministry of John Talbot, calls him by the term "Pioneer," and "First Bishop," of America.

In the English Church and in the Episcopal Church in this country, a bishop is one who has been canonically consecrated and set apart to some particular field of labor. Was ever John Talbot legally consecrated and sent to America to exercise the office of a bishop in the Church of God? Notwithstanding "seal" and "mitre" in the scales to the contrary, I think he was not. If he was such a bishop, who consecrated him and sent him to this country in charge of any field of labor? I have looked over very carefully "Dr. Humphreys's Historical Account of the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and I can find no hint there that John Talbot, during the time of his labors in this country, ever pretended to exercise the official functions of a bishop, either openly or in secret. His name and labors are very honorably spoken of by Dr. Humphreys in his book, from the time of his first traveling with Keith through the length of the colonies, to that of his death in Burlington, in the year 1727. Dr. Humphreys, in his account of the travels of Keith and Talbot in New England, writes thus: "In divers parts of New England he (they) found not only many people well affected to the Church who had no Church of England ministers, but also several New England ministers desirous of episcopal ordination and ready to embrace the Church worship, some of whom both hospitably entertained Mr. Keith and Mr. Talbot in their houses and requested them to preach in their congregations, which they did, and received great thanks both from the ministers and from the people." Now if John Talbot was a bishop at the time here spoken of, here was a noble opportunity for him to have exercised his episcopal office in ordaining some of those New England ministers who were ready and anxious to obtain episcopal ordination. But perhaps Mr. Talbot was not then a bishop, and so could not ordain men to the ministry. If he was made a bishop after that date, and had the whole length and breadth of the colonies to exercise the functions of his episcopal office in, we ought now to have some visible record of his acts, when and where openly (not in secret) he performed the official functions of a bishop. I have no desire to speak unkindly of Mr. Talbot. His name is recorded in Humphreys's history as having done good service in this country in colonial times; but his being a pioneer bishop to this country is something I do not believe in.

The sum, I believe, of all that can be learned of John Talbot's consecration to the Episcopal office is contained in a little book entitled "Perceval on Apostolic Succession." Speaking of the consecrations among the English non-jurors, says Perceval: "Under what plea consecrations performed in the province of Canterbury, without consultation or approval of the bishops of the province, whose legitimate institution was never called in question, and without the approval of the now existing metropolitan, can be regarded otherwise than as irregular and schismatical, I am at a loss to conceive. It should seem that the deprived bishops themselves had misgivings on the subject, for they made no attempt to repeat the step; and it was not till all the deprived bishops and Wagstaffe had died off that Hickes determined to keep up a succession of bishops for the non-jurors; for which purpose he applied to the bishops in Scotland,

two of whom, paying more regard, apparently, to their political attachments than the canons of the Church, agreed to meddle with the affairs of a province in which they had no voice, and, together with Hickes, consecrated Collier, Spincks, and Hawes."

Two of these, viz., Hawes and Spincks, with another named Gaudy, consecrated Ralph Taylor, March 22, 1720-1. And Ralph Taylor alone consecrated Robert Welton some time in 1723-4. And Ralph Taylor and Robert Welton together consecrated Talbot in 1723-4.

Such is the historical account which Perceval gives us of these consecrations. Talbot's consecration, if such it should be called, came one link back from him through the line of a single bishop, and that performed in a quarter in which, in all probability, there was no canonical right to perform such a consecration. So much for Mr. Talbot. Says Perceval: "Welton and Talbot were not recognized as bishops by the rest of the non-jurors, having been consecrated without their approval." For one, I feel disposed to pay all the respect which is due to the memory of John Talbot for his ministerial works' sake in this country; but I object to his being called a pioneer bishop to America. He was no such person.

W. F. HALSEY.

Rudnor, Pa.

## "THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

An article in the last issue of THE CHURCHMAN (November 30th), under the signature of Bishop Lay, has both interested and pained me. I confess I was not prepared for such a statement of facts as the bishop presents, having supposed that the income from the sale of hymnals was far greater.

It seems to me, however, that there is a simple and easy solution to that question, one that the clergy hold in their own hands, and one that the charitable and devout among the laity will certainly acquiesce in if it is once started.

There are 2,307 rectors and ministers in charge of parishes as given in the clergy list of the almanac for 1878.

Now these clergy generally have, or ought to have, charge of their own communion alms. What persons in poverty have greater claims upon those alms than infirm or disabled clergymen, or the widows and orphans of clergymen?

If \$1 a month were taken from those alms for that purpose, the result would be \$2,307 monthly, or \$27,684 per annum; a sum ample for all such cases, and leaving a large reserve for permanent investment, the interest upon which might be applied in the same direction.

If it be said that all parishes could not afford the sum of one dollar a month, then I think it may be safely asserted that one thousand of them could, and in that case the result would be \$12,000 a year, which, added to the reported income from the hymnal fund, and from investments, would make the sum of \$14,500 per annum. It would not be necessary to confine the contribution in the case of wealthier parishes to the sum of one dollar per month. Doubtless, were the thing systematized and made permanent in some way, many would give more, and devout and charitable laymen would contribute to it personally.

The chief feature of the proposition, in my judgment, is, that it is a matter that rests with the clergy, who certainly, in giving alms to the poor, should not "neglect their widows and orphans in the daily (or monthly) ministrations."

Having suggested the idea to two brethren, the rectors of prominent city parishes, and one wealthy and liberal layman, it struck them at once as simple and perfectly feasible, and calculated to relieve the Church of the odium of neglecting those who have been worn out in the service of the Lord and His Church, or who in the midst of faithful labor

have been stricken down and rendered unfit for active service, and they offered at once to be contributors.

By their advice I call the attention of the Church to this proposition, and would respectfully suggest that those clergymen and parishes who are willing to enter into such an arrangement communicate at once with the gentleman suggested by the Bishop of Easton—Wm. Alexander Smith, Esq., 40 Wall street, New York—and that Church papers call attention to this proposition. It certainly is wrong for the Church to allow those, or their families, to suffer who have given up all to preach the Gospel of salvation; and this or some other plan should be at once adopted to remove this stigma from her fair reputation.

H. W. SPALDING,

Cor. Sec. S. I. M.

## A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

A recent case of fraud and embezzlement in connection with the disbursement of an English fund for the clergy calls attention once more to an abuse periodically brought to notice, and as periodically forgotten, or at least "let alone," *i. e.*, the directing into the pockets of officials of the sums given to needy and deserving persons of a specified class. The best remedy would be the appointment to the secretary and treasurerships of charities of rich men who have leisure to attend to some public duty, and whose services would be voluntary. It is unfortunately true that money is a temptation to many fairly good men, to more than one would believe, and it would be best to avoid putting the temptation in their way. In the case of charities it is especially important that none of the gifts should be squandered in "salaries" and "expenses"; the funds, even when reckoned in their entirety, always fall short of the demands they are expected to meet, and if from them salaries, etc., have to be deducted, so little remains that the charity is practically reduced to nothing. There are many men of leisure, fairly Christian and comfortably off, and it is to be hoped willing to do something for the public good. Still better administrators, no doubt, would be men actively engaged in business, and few of these, in the case of good, practical Christians, would think of pleading their already crowded time as an excuse; a man determined to do an additional thing, and doing it for the love of it, may be trusted to do it well—yet one might be content with the help of retired merchants, or of any one in a similar condition, with time on his hands.

It is the busiest men that find time for everything. Sir Robert Peel, when prime minister, was famous for this; he had always read the good novel of the day, seen the last picture worth seeing, been to the last play, while idlers and fashionables "could not find time," or "had so many things to get through." Still there are good men who would be grateful for some interest, especially one which should benefit others. It ought to be an understood thing in a charitable association that the recipients should have the bulk of the gifts, and that no expenses should be incurred in the administration of the money beyond the absolutely indispensable ones. These might easily be considerably curtailed, as every director, trustee, etc., of a charitable fund knows well. If some contributors give their money, there is no reason why others should not give their time and attention, which is fully as valuable, and the bestowal of which would ensure the intentions of the mass of contributors being faithfully carried out. A great many people are prevented from giving to praiseworthy charities by the knowledge that at least one third of the fund never reaches the supposed recipients. They prefer to help the poor personally, and take the risk of helping undeserving persons or being occasionally de-



ceived, rather than give where they suspect the officers of the institution to be the real recipients.

BLANCHE MURPHY.

## NEW BOOKS.

APPLE BLOSSOMS. Verses of Two Children. E.aine Goodale. Dora Read Goodale. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.] 18mo, cloth, pp. 253.

We have placed this volume among those suitable for the holidays, not because of any extraordinary richness in its appearance, or because it was specially designed to serve as a gift-book; but because it is unique, in fact remarkable. It contains poems written by two girls, the elder of whom is now only fifteen years old, and the younger but thirteen. Each began to write at the age of nine, and the poems of each are arranged in the order of the time of their composition. The volume has been produced by children, and yet, with the exception of one or two poems, there is not the first sign of childishness about it. These exceptions are a few verses on the "Bland Silver Bill," and a couple of stanzas entitled "Rah for Tilding." This failure is due, no doubt, largely to the unpoetical nature of the subject. There is nothing in politics capable of inspiring such pure and fresh interpreters of nature. We should as soon expect to see a flock of birds serving in place of a brass band in furnishing music for a party mass-meeting. We have read this volume through with wonder. There is a difference between the two singers. Elaine is the more thoughtful. In fact, many of her poems seem to reflect the wisdom that comes only with age, and with long, deep pondering on the mysteries of life. Dora has a more genuine poetic instinct, and the lighter shades of fancy catch her eye. But both write not only what is full of promise, but also what is intrinsically sweet and beautiful. One fact is especially significant. All these poems are genuine. What we mean is, they are true and real creations; they do not come from other poets; they are not echoes of what favorite authors have before written. They were inspired by nature, rather than by books.

We should like to quote from the volume, but it would only tend to confirm what we have already said. Taking into account all the circumstances connected with it, and the merits which the productions of both these sister-children possess, we must pronounce the book a wonder. We hope that the many deserved praises which it will everywhere call forth may not reach the ears of the innocent ones to whom they of right belong. They are happy now in the sweet, unconsciousness of their genius. The naturalness of their songs is like that of the music which the birds and the brooks make. It would be a pity not to see other "Apple Blossoms" equally fresh, or to miss the ripened fruit which will naturally follow.

THE PARKS AND GARDENS OF PARIS. Considered in Relation to the Wants of Other Cities and of Public and Private Gardens. Being Notes on the Study of Paris Gardens. By W. Robinson, F.L.S. Second Edition, Revised, Seventh Thousand. Illustrated. [London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.] 8vo, cloth, gilt top, pp. 548. Price \$7 50.

Though this work was written for a special and definite purpose, namely, to show how English cities, and London in particular, might be improved by the adoption of some such system of landscape gardening and of fruit culture as that which has made New Paris what it is—the volume is one of almost universal interest and value. The author proves, indeed, that "half the money buried in geometrical rubbish at Kensington would, if properly used, have given England a national garden worthy of the country." He points out the various ways in which the English, adopting from the French, may improve their fruit and vegetable culture, and also make their towns and their homes more

beautiful with trees and flowers. But in carrying out this special purpose, the author has at the same time given a description of the parks, the gardens, the squares, the avenues, and the markets of Paris which will both charm and instruct all readers.

The illustrations, which are quite numerous—nearly three hundred we should judge—are of the very best style. Those familiar with Paris and its environs, and those who have never been there, cannot fail to admire this part of the work. Again, the descriptions are very minute, and the fact that they are written for a practical end, makes them all the more graphic and impressive. The volume will be esteemed for its artistic, its literary, and its scientific excellence.

THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By the Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., D.D., Master of the Leys School, Cambridge. [London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Peiter & Galpin.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 232.

The substance of this volume is a reprint of articles which have from time to time appeared in the "Bible Educator," edited by Prof. Plumptre. The author has drawn his historical facts largely from the works of others. But he has worked them over into a narrative which is thoroughly his own. He begins with the earliest paraphrases, such as Caedmon's and Aldhelm's, and traces all the noteworthy attempts to express or to render the truths of Scripture in English from Anglo-Saxon times down to the present.

We are glad to see that he has also sought to trace in parallel course the events of English history; for the English Bible, in its various forms, represents the life of the people. Tyndale's translation, for example, was owing to the establishment of a Greek professorship at Oxford, and also to a popular demand for a more thorough knowledge of God's Word. Another excellent feature of this work is its critical examination and comparison of the several versions. For ordinary readers this work gives all the light and information needed. In several respects it is better than any history of the same subject, and of the same short compass, that we have ever seen.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS ON MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN. From Poetic and Prose Literature of All Ages and All Lands. With an Introduction. By Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. Illustrated. [New York: E. B. Treat. 1878.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 414.

This volume contains a large number of selected poems and prose extracts, all of them bearing upon one or another of the three ideas recognized in the title. The holiest sentiments of the human heart find expression here. But in every case the editor and compiler has sought to strengthen and sanctify such sentiments by the power of Christian truth. These subjects are unfolded in the light which comes from the New Testament. And it is this which makes the "golden thoughts" really precious. They cannot fail to exert a wholesome and blessed influence upon the reader. They appeal, not only to the emotions, but also to the conscience. The sympathy that wins, and the course that guides, are both to be found in these pages. One seldom meets with gathered extracts richer in beauty and wisdom than those which compose this work.

REMOERSE. A Novel. From the French of Th. Bentzon. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 216.

This novel—one of the series of "Collection of Foreign Authors"—has for its subject one neither fresh nor very profound. It shows what many others have attempted to delineate, namely, the danger lurking in the supposed safe customary way in France of bringing up girls and selecting husbands for them. Manuela, who returns, an orphan, from America to her father's relations in Paris, falls in love with a poor young author, but, following the commands of her aunt, upon whose charity she was dependent, marries a rich and old manufacturer. Those familiar with fiction need not be told how

this novel received its title. The story has one merit: the characters are few, and it requires no effort to follow and remember each turn of the plot. It is intensely subjective, and in certain places it seems to us somewhat overdrawn.

IRIS: The Romance of an Opal Ring. By M. B. M. Toland. With Numerous Illustrations. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.] 8vo, cloth, gilt, pp. 95.

This romance is in verse, and extends through six cantos. It is a story of love, and the scene is laid in Maine, where the Kennebec "Its wayward waters dashed along the shore And surged in wavelets, crowned with foam and fleck."

A youth by the name of Rozmer Langdon,

"The boast of all that country town, Renowned in Nimrod sports, brave, honest, true, He tilled the land, and nets for fish he drew,"<sup>1</sup> aspires to the hand of a maiden, Iris, who formerly lived at the South, but since her father's death, had come north to spend every summer. He declares his passion in the midst of the most enchanting surroundings, while the two are out rowing on the river, or, in other words, while

"They floated on near sylvan grottoes fair Neath drooping branches forming Undine's cave."

The description, as a whole, is very glowing, but occasionally there is a sudden descent from the sublime to the commonplace. For example, the contrast between the first of these three lines and the two that follow—all of them spoken by Iris in the same breath—gives the reader an unlooked-for surprise:

"See, Hesper ushers the approaching night; Mamma does not in sailing much delight— Should I be late, 'twould give her such a fright."

The maiden departs on the morrow, leaving Rozmer disconsolate, because his love is not returned. His station, all his friends protest, forbids his indulging even a hope of marrying one so much above him in wealth and honor. The story of the "Opal Ring" we leave untold. We can add only this: that Rozmer becomes a successful poet, and finally the husband of Iris.

There is considerable merit in the volume, but the reader will find some traces which show an unpractised hand. The metre is regular, and the romance, though not striking, is gracefully carried out. The defects are mostly those of manner. There is too much glow of language for the amount of feeling. This gives a formal and artificial air to the performance. At the same time, we find many things which deserve commendation.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, OR LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New Edition, with Illustrations, and a Bibliography of the work, by George Bullen, Esq., F.S.A., Keeper of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum. Together with an Introductory Account of the work. [Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.] 12mo, cloth, gilt, pp. 520.

This is said to be the reprint of an illustrated edition of the work published in England several years ago. The printing is very attractive, and of the illustrations some are fine and others rather inferior. The account which Mrs. Stowe gives of the way in which she came to write the work, and the favorable notices which it received from Dickens, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Charles Kingsley, Macaulay, George Sand, and many other celebrated persons, all of them printed here, will impart much additional interest to this edition. The bibliography shows how marvellous the success of the volume has been. There are in the library of the British Museum thirty-five editions in English, and nineteen translations into as many different languages.

GENEVIEVE OF BRABANT. A Legend in Verse. By Mrs. Charles Willing. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.] 8vo, cloth, gilt, pp. 126.

This touching story of womanly faith and fortitude and patience and devotion—a story



in itself both beautiful and tender—has been told here in a way that is in every sense worthy of the subject. The poem runs on in even power, and with a gentleness that shows how fully the writer had entered into the spirit of her theme. There is no attempt at anything great, and therefore there has been no failure. The illustrations by F. B. Schell and E. B. Bensell are uncommonly fine. In all respects the volume may be called attractive.

**PRAYERS, SERMONS, AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS.** Translated from the French of Voltaire. By John Edgar Johnson, rector of St. John the Evangelist Church. [Philadelphia, Pa.: The Church Press. 1878.] Paper, pp. 51.

The author takes the ground, which no thoroughly informed scholar will care to dispute, that Voltaire was not an atheist. He believed in the existence of a God, and he attacked the encyclopedists because of their atheism. The inscription placed on his tomb was, we believe, "*Le combattit les athées*." At the same time his attacks upon Christianity were among the fiercest and most blasphemous to be found in the whole range of infidel literature. We appreciate fully the fact that the Christianity with which he came in contact in France, and which he labored to overthrow, was of a very corrupt kind, and that he failed to distinguish between the truth and its perversions. Nevertheless we know that he copied his unbelief largely from the English deists, and that he had the same opportunity of ascertaining from others in England the pure doctrines of the Gospel. He rejected with more or less of knowledge and deliberation all the teachings of Revelation. The "prayers" printed in this little pamphlet are not worthy of the name. The "sermons" were never delivered, though their author pretended that they were.

We appreciate the motive which led to the collection and publication of these apparently religious pieces. Voltaire's infidelity was, we admit, of the form of deism—we should question his right to the name "theist," given to him in this pamphlet—and therefore one degree less bad than atheism. Still we doubt whether these writings of his will be worth much as an "antidote."

**PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE, HIS SISTER, AND OTHERS.** From 1844 to 1870. Translated from the German. By F. Maxse. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 259. Price \$1.00.

How or why these letters happened to be given to the public, we are not told. There is no preface or word of introduction. Nor did they need any. They are, in many respects, just what we might naturally expect from Bismarck. But in many things they reveal a side of his character which, we think, will be new to nearly every one who reads them. They are brief, keen, and occasionally humorous even to playfulness. There is not the first trace of arrogance, or boastfulness. For example, in the letter written from Sedan after the surrender of the French forces, he speaks of Napoleon as "the man whom God's mighty hand has cast down." And of the surrender itself he simply adds: "It is an event of great weight in the world's history, a victory for which we will humbly thank the Almighty." The book cannot fail to win the hearts of its readers, for the writer of these brief epistles opens his own.

**DRIFT-WEED.** By Celia Thaxter. [Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1879.] 18mo, cloth, gilt, pp. 153.

This volume of verse contains, we need not say, a great deal of genuine poetry. Within a certain compass the author's power of song is remarkably sweet and pure. The hidden poetry of nature, and especially that which belongs to the ocean, finds in her one of its most sympathetic and truest interpreters. The book is not illustrated. Nor are illustrations needed. The language itself is wonderfully graphic. No one can read one of these

poems without seeing just what the poet herself saw. Mrs. Thaxter has no equal among American singers in the field where "drift-weed" gathers.

**STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF ROME.** By Mrs. Beesly. [London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.] Cloth, pp. 189. Price \$1.00.

The writer of these pages believes, and believes wisely, that children should hear something besides fairy tales and the stories so popular in nursery life. She has therefore made the attempt to put portions of Livy and Plutarch into language adapted to the very young. She has succeeded remarkably well. These stories of "The Horatii and the Curiatii," of "How Lars Porsena besieged Rome," of "The Deeds of the Fabii," and more than a dozen others of the same kind, will be sure to win the attention of even little children. The truthfulness to historical fact may be doubted in some few cases. But after all, what is of greater consequence, they are true pictures of ancient Roman life, and they will kindle a desire to know more of the strange world which they represent. We commend the book heartily, as a step in the right direction, and as being, in itself, deserving of unqualified praise.

**FRANCISCA OF RIMINI.** A Poem. By A. S. H. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.] Cloth, pp. 46.

Excepting occasional obscurity of expression, and a somewhat general tendency to run lines into one another, and a manifest inability to make the rounding out of an idea coincide with the completion of the stanza, this poem may be called good. It is not lacking in poetical conceptions. Such figures as the following: "The white ships slept with folded wings," and

"The white moon, stately as a princess, high  
Amid a thousand stars, moved silently,  
Her silver trailing dress upon the sea,"

betoken something beyond the mere art of verse-making, and show that the writer is capable of better work than this. The faults are, for the most part, those which care will correct, and the merits are those which contain signs of promise.

**HEAVENLY DAWN.** Original and Selected Pieces. By Margaret H. Morris. [Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1879.] 16mo, cloth, gilt, pp. 402. Price \$1.25.

We find these grouped under topics that lead on, by natural steps, to the evening of this life and to the "dawn" of a better one. Home, friendship, nature, sickness, and prayer represent the varied yet harmonious experience through which the pilgrim approaches the celestial gate. The selected poems are among the sweetest in our language, and the original pieces are marked by deep religious feeling.

**WATERSIDE MISSION SERMONS.** By the Rev. H. J. Wilmut Buxton, M.A., Rector of Ifield. [London: W. Skeffington & Son. 1876. New York: Pott, Young & Co. 1876.] Cloth, pp. 176. Price \$1.25.

**WATERSIDE MISSION SERMONS.** Second Series. By the Rev. H. J. Wilmut Buxton, M.A. Second Edition. [London: W. Skeffington & Son. 1876. New York: Pott, Young & Co. 1876.] Cloth, pp. 251. Price \$1.25.

**SHORT SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.** By the Rev. H. J. Wilmut Buxton, M.A. Second Edition. [London: W. Skeffington & Son. New York: Pott, Young & Co. 1878.] Cloth, pp. 175. Price \$1.25.

These volumes are not—at least, the two first—of very recent publication. But of their kind they are all deserving of repeated mention. They are the simplest of plain sermons, and, withal, not lacking in force and originality. Some of them cannot be read or heard without being also remembered. The language is such as every one can easily understand, and the thoughts are fitted to produce a permanent impression.

**VAN DYCK.** [Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.] Cloth, pp. 157.

This is one of the well known series of "artist biographies." The story of the pain-

ter's life and work is pleasantly though briefly told, and we are favored, besides, with a description and analysis of some of his more celebrated representative paintings.

**GRAMMAR-LAND; Or, Grammar in Fun for the Children of Schoolroom-shire.** By M. L. Nesbit. With Frontispiece and Initials by F. Wady. [New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 120.

The plan of this book is very ingenious, and children will probably be interested in its contents. The principles of English grammar are to be smuggled into their minds under the form of a story. The author turns the tables by representing the different parts of speech as being on trial, while the children who read his story are permitted to serve as spectators. The noun, the verb, and all their kin are obliged to give an account of themselves. The idea is a novel one, and pupils generally, we presume, will be glad to see the different members of the grammar family subjected to the same ordeal which has so often troubled, if not terrified, them. The plan is carried through with perfect success. It is surprising how reasonable grammar appears when it is thus made to explain itself. The whole thing, though it is the work of imagination—is at the same time scientifically accurate, and the children who read it will admit that grammar can be made a pleasant study.

**BENJAMIN DU PLAN.** Gentleman of Alais, Deputy General of the Reformed Churches of France from 1725 to 1763. By D. Bonnefon, Pastor of the Reformed Church of Alais, Department of Gard. [London: Hodder and Stoughton. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1878.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 370. Price \$2.00.

This work, besides acquainting us with the life of an earnest reformer, gives an inside view of the history of Protestantism in France. It brings to light many things not generally known, and furnishes materials for judging of the character of that movement which will be fresh to most readers.

**WORDS AND HOW TO PUT THEM TOGETHER.** By Harlan H. Ballard, Principal of Lenox High School, Lenox, Mass. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.] Cloth, pp. 81.

The author has selected a few facts relating to the science of English grammar, and put them into a form adapted to the comprehension of very young children. It will furnish them a pleasant entertainment, and may also be the means of teaching them something about the proper use of words.

## LITERATURE.

Cox & Sons have issued the fifth edition (revised and augmented by new designs and illustrations) of "The Art of Garnishing Churches at Christmas and Other Festivals," by Edward Young Cox.

THE Rev. Dr. C. W. Leffingwell, rector of St. Mary's school, Knoxville, Ill., has compiled a "Reading Book of the English Classics," which is soon to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is expected that the book will be ready for distribution in February.

An address by the Right Rev. Dr. R. W. B. Elliott on the life and character of the late Bishop Patteson has been published by Thomas Whittaker, New York. The address is a very interesting account of the work of the martyred bishop, and makes a small pamphlet of twenty-four pages.

CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia, have done a real service to literature in issuing the "Avon" edition of the dramatic and poetical works of Shakespeare. It is in a single volume of 900 pages, and is printed in large clear type. It contains also an excellent life of the poet, by Professor John S. Hart, a descriptive analysis of the



plays, two indexes, a glossary, and many illustrations. The readings of Clark and Wright have been followed. We are glad to commend this "people's edition."

### THE ARTS.

THE Oratorio Society, under Dr. Damrosch, offers a rare treat in its second rehearsal and second concert, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, December 27th and 28th. Very appropriately at this season it will produce the magnificent oratorio of the "Messiah," and its fine chorus will be aided by, or rather will assist, these soloists: Miss Minnie Hauk, soprano; Miss Anna Drasdil, contralto; Mr. George Simpson, tenor; and Mr. M. W. Whitney, basso. This society, by its purpose and by its excellence, deservedly calls forth the patronage of true lovers of true music.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NOTICE.

The undersigned begs leave to call the attention of the readers of THE CHURCHMAN to his facilities for supplying promptly any of the books referred to in these columns. Parties making selections can have their orders carefully attended to. Sunday school Christmas celebrations furnished with the neatest editions of Bibles, Prayer Books, and Hymnals, as well as the most desirable of juvenile literature, at very low prices. Our stock is well worth an examination. Prayer Books and Hymnals in cases a specialty.

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So great have been the attractions of recent issues of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY that the edition in England has almost doubled within a few months, and its circulation at home is increasing with unexampled rapidity.

Among the features of 1879 specially worthy of note, we may mention:

The portraits and illustrated life-sketches of EMERSON, HOLMES and WHITTIER, continuing the familiar series of Frontispiece Portraits, begun with Bryant and Longfellow.

THE EMPIRE OF BRAZIL, a series of illustrated papers, showing not only the general resources, cities, and romantic aspects of the region, but also treating in a practical way the commercial and industrial relations between this country and the whole southern half of this continent. No expense has been spared in the preparation of these papers, which will be full, accurate, and richly illustrated. The first two will be "The Metropolis of the Amazons," and "The Mediterranean of America."

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS, by John Muir, the California naturalist; graphic and picturesque studies of the California Alps.

"THE TILE CLUB AT WORK," and "AT PLAY," descriptions of the origin and life of one of the New-York outgrowths of decorative art, will be found unique and entertaining. The illustrations are by members of "The Club"—Abbey, O'Donovan, Weir, Homer, and others.

"THE OLD MASTERS," a series by CLARENCE COOK, begins with "Leonardo da Vinci." Among the masterpieces reproduced are the "Last Supper," "Head of Christ," and the "Mona Lisa."

The three last papers are in the Jan'y number. "OLD MARYLAND MANNERS," portraying the quaintness of Maryland 150 years ago, illustrated by the author, is also in January.

SIDNEY LANIER contributes a series, "The New South;" ALLEN C. REDWOOD, of Baltimore, a lighter series, "The 'Johnny Reb' Papers," illustrated by the author, begun in November. BOYSEN will have articles on "The Universities of Europe," including sketches of leading men in the noted Universities of Great Britain and the Continent. Among other papers may be mentioned American and Canadian Sports, Farm Life, "Caves and Cave Scenery," "Lawn Planting for Small Places," "American Art and Artists," "American Archaeology, Modern Inventors (begun with Edison)," etc., etc.

### "HAWORTH'S,"

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Boyesen's Novel, "Falconberg," a tale of Norse life, begun in August to end in April, will be followed by a story of

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6. Friday. Fast.
8. Second Sunday in Advent.
13. Friday. Fast.
15. Third Sunday in Advent.
18. Ember-day. Fast.
20. Ember day. Fast.
21. St. Thomas. Ember-day.
22. Fourth Sunday in Advent.
25. CHRISTMAS-DAY.
26. St. Stephen.
27. St. John the Evangelist. Fast.
28. Holy Innocents.
29. First Sunday after Christmas.

## ADVENT.

Once more upon the waiting earth,  
Enrobed in folds of purest snow,  
The Advent Angel Jesus' birth  
Foretells with joy to men below.

O faithful heart, for Christ that waits,  
And for His sake keeps pure from sin,  
Fling open wide your snow-white gates,  
"And let the King of Glory in."

To you, glad heart, that dally sings  
For joy, through earth's sad toil and din,  
The Advent herald fresh joy brings,  
Then "Let the King of Glory in."

O sad heart, shrouded in deep gloom  
Your portals dark wide open fling;  
He bears your grief, haste thee! make room,  
For Christ the Lord, of Glory King.

O hardened heart, He comes once more  
Who died, that pardon you might win;  
Then open wide your sin-chained door  
And "Let the King of Glory in."

And when at last His people tried  
And purified, shall cease from sin,  
Heaven's pearly gates He'll open wide  
And welcome all His loved ones in.

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## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

The surgeon meanwhile had repaired to the sick-room. He stepped in very cautiously and very lightly, as is customary in the presence of the dying. Dame Christine, who had for a short time assumed her young lady's post as nurse, sat by the bed. The doctor whisperingly exchanged a few words with her, and then sent her away to fetch new compresses. He himself stepped up to the bed and stooped down to the sick man, who now waked up, and, as it seemed, opened his eyes with full consciousness.

"How are you?" asked the little doctor of the patient in a very gentle tone.

"I thank you, tolerably well," replied he, his eyes seeming to wander in search of something. "What has happened to me?"

"You have been severely wounded, but compose yourself; I shall do all that is possible. You are in the best hands."

Max, whose glance meanwhile had made a complete survey of the apartment, without finding what he was looking for, now began to review the speaker.

"A colleague, I suppose?" said he. "With whom have I the honor——?"

"My name is Berndt," replied the colleague. "His excellency the governor, who showed great sympathy upon your being wounded, wanted to send his own family physician.

That medical gentleman, however, is sick, alas! and so I, his assistant, have undertaken the treatment. But you may not speak nor stir at all. Answer my questions by signs, if speaking is hard for you. You are so infinitely weak and exhausted, and need the extreme——"

He paused in horror, for the man whom he had devoted to death suddenly drew himself up with a mighty effort, and sat erect, while, with anything but a feeble voice, he asked:

"Where has my nurse gone? She was always at my side before."

"Miss Moser do you mean? She is taking a little rest, after watching beside your sick-bed all night long. You have found a very self sacrificing nurse; the young lady is an angel of pity."

"Pity," repeated Max in a drawling tone. "Yes, indeed, intimate acquaintance with the pavement stones of your beloved city has shown me what is the compassion of man. It is a detestable use to make of pavements, this hurling them piecemeal at the heads of people."

"Do not excite yourself, my dear colleague," softly entreated Dr. Berndt. "No excitement, if you please. Only rest, quiet, and forbearance. But since your head is once more clear, I would ask if you have not some wish, some desire?"

The expression of his face showed plainly that he was expecting nothing less than a testamentary arrangement. Instead of this the patient replied with the greatest tranquillity of spirit:

"Certainly. I have a very pressing desire to eat something."

"To eat?" asked the doctor, in the highest degree surprised. "Well, if you wish it, we can try a little soup."

"A little is not enough," protested Max; "it must be a great deal. Besides, I want something more substantial than mere soup. A beefsteak—I could eat two of them."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Dr. Berndt, shocked, again feeling his pulse, since he was of opinion that the sick man was flighty; the latter, however, drew back his hand angrily.

"Do not make such an ado over this hole in my head! It is going to heal in eight days. I know my constitution."

The little doctor looked with troubled expression upon his irreverent companion.

"You are entirely mistaken as to your condition, sir. You are very sick; in spite of this flickering up of the powers of life. You lay for two days ill of violent wound-fever."

"That is no reason why I should not be quite well on the third day, if the fever has gone. Flickering up of the powers of life? Do you imagine for a moment that I am hovering upon the brink of death?"

"I do not merely imagine it—it is a fact," said Dr. Berndt, somewhat piqued. "I fear in all earnestness——"

"Fear nothing at all," interrupted Max. "I have not the slightest desire as yet to set out for the other shore. But now have the goodness to tell me exactly how I have been treated."

This unequivocally expressed desire for life on the part of the patient whom he had so determinedly devoted to death seemed to have put the doctor completely out of sorts. He was silent, and seemed quite disconcerted; and not until the question was repeated with audible impatience did he condescend to the desired explanation and recount with great self-satisfaction all the measures which he

had taken for rescuing the sick man from the embrace of death.

Max listened with a contemptuous mien.

"Most respected colleague, you should have known how to do something better," said he in his reckless fashion. "I am not for such powerful remedies; I am never accustomed to resort to them in slight cases, leaving nature to do the main work there, only supplementing her to the best of my ability."

"But it was no slight case," cried the little doctor, who began to be provoked now in spite of his mildness. "I tell you your condition was extremely perilous, and is so still, as you will find out soon enough when this momentary excitement is over."

"And I tell you that I am quite well!" cried Max still louder; "and that there is no talk of any danger to my life whatever. I am decidedly opposed to that mode of treatment; I deem it useless, nay, hurtful. You may thank God that my powerful constitution held out against these experiments, else you might have had the death of a colleague upon your conscience."

Dr. Berndt crimsoned with indignation.

"It is the medical counsellor's treatment which I have been following. The medical counsellor is an authority of the very highest rank; he occupies the most prominent position in the university here, and is an eminently successful practitioner." So saying, the little doctor lifted up his soft voice in tones as sharp and shrill as came within its compass; but it was in vain, for Max overpowered him with his powerful lungs.

"The medical counsellor is nothing at all to me. We have in our university at Z—— much higher authorities and much more splendid success. We, though, do not stick to tradition, like the gentlemen here in patriarchal R——."

The two doctors fell into a professional dispute, which grew so vehement that Dame Christine rushed in horrified from the adjoining chamber; but she paused on the threshold, rooted to the spot by amazement at the sight which met her gaze. Dr. Brunnow, who by rights should have lain upon his death-bed, sat erect upon his couch, and in most energetic style overwhelmed his colleague with a veritable flood of medical assertions, reasons, and arguments. But his honorable colleague, who hardly ten minutes before had entered the room on tiptoe to avoid disturbing the dying man, stood in stormy excitement before the same, and fought the air with both arms, while he sought in vain to express himself in words. Finding this to fail he finally snatched up his hat, and raving with passion, exclaimed:

"If you know so much better, doctor, then treat yourself as you like. I am going to take a report of your health to the governor, but I shall say to his excellency that such a patient I never came across before, who yesterday was lying as good as dead, and to-day casts in my teeth the grossest aspersions upon our faculty here. You are quite right, a constitution such as yours is not to be met with for the second time. You put every diagnosis to the blush. I bid you good day."

So saying he left the room. Dame Christine, who did not comprehend a word of the whole affair, looked after him in bewilderment, and then approached the sick man.

"But what has happened? The doctor running off in a perfect rage, and you——"



"Just leave him to me," said Max, quietly going back. "That man and fellow-surgeon bent upon making of me a candidate for death, and came near putting an end to me with his silly prescriptions. Now I shall make my own treatment in hand and forthwith make a beginning. Christine, best of women, I implore you most pressingly and kindly to bring me something to eat."

It might have been an hour later when Agnes Moser, after a short season of too needful repose, prepared to resume her post by the sick bed from which she had hardly stirred during these last days.

Dr. Brunnow meanwhile had followed his first prescription with an exactness which left nothing to be desired, to the great joy of Dame Christine, who found that the doctor was treating himself in a rather remarkable style. Meanwhile she persuaded him in vain to go to sleep again. Max insisted that this was not at all necessary, and occupied himself exclusively with watching the door through which Agnes must enter. At the same time he gave very unequivocal signs of impatience; and when he reached the point of asking three times in the course of a quarter of an hour where his nurse could be staying, Christine too grew impatient. She looked the patient steadily in the eye, and asked, without any circumlocution whatever:

"Doctor, what is the precise state of the case between yourself and Miss Agnes? The thing is not all straight; I have noticed that long ago."

"Dame Christine, you are an extremely wise woman," said the young surgeon. "You tell me things of which I had not the slightest knowledge three days ago, and Miss Agnes just as little. But, alas! you are right; the Nemesis has overtaken me. I am hopelessly in love."

Christine nodded.

"I have known it for the longest time. But what now? Hitherto I have not given much consideration to the matter, since Dr. Berndt sentenced you to death so positively. Then all would have been at an end. But since, as it now seems, you have no idea of dying"—

"No idea whatever!" interrupted the patient.

"Then I would just like to ask you what is to be made out of you and the young lady?"

"A married pair!" replied Max, laconically. "What else?"

Contrary to expectation, Dame Christine was not shocked at this answer. She was a woman of independent mind, as the counselor had often reproachfully affirmed. Although herself a Catholic, she was still the widow of a Protestant, and in the course of her married life had imbibed various heretical opinions, to which belonged, among others, a decided aversion to cloister life. She had never regarded that determination on the part of the young maiden with favorable eyes, and absolutely preferred seeing her young lady in a bridal wreath rather than a nun's veil. The purpose therefore of Dr. Brunnow (who had pleased her from the beginning) enjoyed her full approbation. Nevertheless, she thoughtfully shook her head.

"But that can never be. Do you forget altogether that Miss Agnes is going into a convent?"

"Nothing will come of that," decided Max. "She is not shut up in one yet, nor shall be if I can help it. Above all things do not tell

the young lady yet that I am better, and keep silent also in her presence as to that dispute with my brother surgeon, and the fine appetite I developed just now. I want to tell her myself."

Christine started a little at this order.

"Doctor, you will not have so little conscience as to act a comedy before the poor child?" asked she.

"I am terribly devoid of conscience in such matters," declared the doctor, with perfect composure. As for the rest, I require silence of you only until I have spoken to Miss Agnes myself, then we shall see about what is to come."

The promise demanded, however, could no longer be given, for at this instant Agnes entered. She looked indeed very pale, and the sad, inquiring glance which she cast upon Christine betrayed her utter hopelessness.

With a light step she approached the sick bed, bent over the patient and asked him how he did with a trembling voice.

Doctor Brunnow prudently guarded against showing the fresh animal spirits which in that medical controversy a while ago had manifested themselves in a manner as surprising as refreshing. He deemed it good, instead of replying to the young maiden, only to stretch out his hand to her with a feeble gesture. Max knew very exactly what a powerful ally he had in his supposed nearness to death, and since, according to his own confession, he was terribly devoid of conscience, he did not hesitate a moment to turn the situation to practical account.

Dame Christine certainly considered the doctor quite an abominable creature, but she was by far too much interested in the object of this abominable mode of proceeding to put herself in the opposition. She only told therefore, that the surgeon had been there, but made no new prescriptions; and then seized the first opportunity of leaving the young couple alone.

Agnes had again resumed her office by the sick-bed.

"Take this medicine," said she, beseechingly. "Dr. Berndt directed me to administer it with the greatest regularity; it was only yesterday that he made this new prescription."

"Dr. Berndt as good as gives me up," replied Max. "Therefore there is no use in my taking his physic."

"No, no; assuredly not!" said Agnes, soothingly, whose anxious features belied her words. "He only spoke of a danger which might possibly ensue."

"I have spoken with him this morning myself," interrupted the young surgeon, "and heard my sentence from his own mouth. He regards my wounds as mortal."

Agnes set down the medicine vial, and hid her face in her hands; a half-stifled sob was heard.

"Agnes, would it grieve you if I should die?"

The question came with quite a peculiar tenderness from the lips of Dr. Brunnow, among whose attributes, that of tenderness could not generally be reckoned. He obtained no answer, but the sobbing became more violent and passionate; now he grasped the young girl's hands, and drew them away from the tear-streaming countenance, while he continued:

"I am afraid I have already betrayed so much to you that you have no reason to be timid about confessing to me the cause of

those tears. Indeed I have only learned during these last three days under your charge exactly how it stands with me, or may I say with us both?"

The young girl had sunk upon her knees by the bed and hidden her face in the pillows. Instead of answering, she only kept on weeping inconsolably, and as though full of despair, but she quietly suffered the sick man to place his arm round her and gently draw her to him. And now happened that unheard-of thing—Max went off, with basest denial of his programme and all his paragraphs, into a declaration of love, which overflowed with warmth and ardor, having only the one fault, that in this form, and with this vivacity, it could not possibly proceed from the lips of a dying man.

Poor Agnes, indeed, was far too much moved even to think of this, and moreover Dr. Berndt had so emphatically impressed upon her the hopelessness of the case, that she no longer dared to admit even a thought of hope. She accounted the patient's liveliness as feverish excitement, and also believed it to be only a last flickering up of the powers of life before their final extinction.

"I shall never forget you," sobbed she.

"What I durst never confess to you in life, I may now acknowledge in face of death, an eternal, unspeakable love, stretching out beyond the grave! There is no sin in thinking of a departed friend, and in sending into the other world greetings as well as prayers—and this I will do day after day, when the quiet monastery walls encompass me."

However touching and devout sounded this confession, it gave Max but little satisfaction. It did not at all accord with his wishes to be loved merely as a departed spirit, nor were greetings and relations with the other world any more in keeping with his taste.

"That might be in case of my death," said he. "But how now, if I remain in the land of the living?"

Agnes lifted up to him her dark, tearful eyes with an expression of the greatest perplexity. She had evidently not yet thought of this possibility.

"I believe it would not even be right for you," cried Max peevishly.

"For me? Oh, my God!" burst forth the young girl. "I would gladly yield up my own life to save yours, if it were only possible."

"To yield up your life is not needful," declared Max, whose conscience smote him when he perceived the poor girl's grief. "You are only to give up a foolish, irrational idea, which will make us both unhappy if you persist in it. Agnes, you are mistaken if you regard my condition as hopeless. It has hardly ever been dangerous, and since this morning every doubt has vanished. If I left you a quarter of an hour in your error, it was done because I wanted—at any price—to have the confession of your reciprocal love. The convalescent would never have obtained it, that I knew." He had, however, now heard it once, and held her fast to her word. "It profits you nothing at all now to take it back and recall it. Tell me ten times 'No,' it will avail you nothing. You are still to be my wife."

Agnes started up in horror.

"Never! There can be no talk of that I belong to the convent. I am in a short time to return there."

"I shall put my veto upon that," interpos-



ed the young surgeon. "The convent has nothing to say in the matter. You are still perfectly free for happiness. You have as yet taken no vow."

"I have vowed it to myself. I have promised it to the abbess and my father-confessor, and that promise binds me as firmly as any oath at the altar."

"I am quite agreed that a vow at the altar is due," replied Max, "but I must be by and swear with you, as is usual at marriage ceremonies. If the mother-abbess and father-confessor want to come between, then they will have to do with me. I shall get the better of them; I will intercede with the whole sisterhood, so that"—

"For heaven's sake be not so impetuous!" implored the young girl with real anguish of heart. "Excitement may be dangerous, yes fatal to you. Be more composed, I beseech you."

"We must have it clear with one another first," declared Dr. Brunnow in his old dictatorial style; and now he broke in upon Agnes with just as many arguments and assertions as awhile ago upon his colleague, and proved to her, till it was as clear as the sun, that she was his betrothed, and must, under any circumstances, be his wife, so that the poor girl, quite bewildered and stunned, finally begun to believe that he was right, and that the thing was actually so. It would have required a more energetic nature than hers to enter into the opposition here, where the supposed dying man, of whom a farewell for life had just been taken, and with whom they were expecting at most to establish relations in the other world, suddenly came out with a highly mundane offer of marriage, undertaking to obtain by storm the consent which it was meant to deny him. Agnes still continued to weep, it is true; she adhered to her "no" likewise, as well as her declaration that she was going to enter a convent. But when Max paid not the slightest heed, but folded her in his arms and kissed her, she submitted to it all quite patiently, and Max himself seemed to entertain no doubt whatever of his victory, for he said in an undertone, with a deep-drawn breath:

"That was happily achieved. Blessed be the stupidity of my respectable colleague!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### *How Old Acquaintances Can Meet and Part.*

Dr. Brunnow, alas! was soon enough to make the experience that this vaunted quality of his respected colleague might also lead to serious complications. The day passed off in perfect quiet, and the patient felt so excellently well, in spite of all the excitement he had gone through, that Agnes too began to believe in the still doubted fact of his safety.

It was towards evening, and it was already growing dark out-of-doors, when Agnes came into the room with a lamp, whose light was carefully subdued, and informed Max that there had just appeared an elderly gentleman, a certain Dr. Francke, who asked pressingly after her health, and desired to see him.

"He comes," she said, "at the desire of a colleague, and, at all events, desires to convince himself in person of the condition of Dr. Brunnow, to whom he sends a few lines here."

Max took the card she handed him, which contained only a few words, written with a lead pencil, and said carelessly:

"Dr. Francke? I believe my honored

colleague cannot yet comprehend the unheard-of case of this morning, and is having a regular report of it drawn up. I would give the gentleman to know"—

He suddenly stopped. At the moment when his eye fell upon the handwriting he started, and an expression of mortal horror settled down upon his features, while he convulsively crushed the card in his hand. Agnes, who had just lifted the shade from the lamp, in order to make it possible for him to read, now lowered it again, and grew attentive.

"What is it?" asked she in an easy manner. "Do you know this Dr. Francke?" For, despite all her conventual ideas, they had arrived in this one day at a point where they addressed each other in the style of intimate friends.

"Yes, I have known him before," declared Max, controlling himself with a mighty effort, although he did not succeed in giving his voice its wonted firmness. "I'll speak to him, at any rate, this instant; but—One more request, Agnes! Leave us alone while he is with me, and see to it that we are not disturbed."

Agnes looked somewhat surprised. Max had hardly been willing for her to leave his side a minute in the day, and now he sent her away. Fortunately the light in the room was too subdued for her to perceive the—with difficulty—restrained excitement upon the young man's face. She comforted herself that nothing but a medical consultation was in question here, and went out to inform the newcomer that he was expected.

Immediately afterwards the stranger entered, a thin, somewhat stooping figure, with gray hair. He quickly closed the door behind him and rushed up in almost stormy haste to the patient, who had raised himself in the bed and stretched out to him both hands.

"Father! For heaven's sake, how come you here? How could you run such a risk?"

Dr. Rudolph Brunnow, instead of making any reply, laid his arm about his son's shoulder and surveyed his features with a glance full of anxious inquiry.

"Are you better again? I heard so outside, before I came in. God be thanked!"

"But how did you know about my being wounded?" interposed Max. "You were not to have known anything about it until all was fortunately over. I did not want you uselessly distressed."

"Yesterday I got a telegram from your surgeon. He informed me that you had been severely wounded; that your condition was extremely critical and I must prepare myself for the worst. An hour afterwards I was on my way and hurrying here by the first fast train."

"That cursed colleague!" exclaimed Max in a rage. "It is not enough that he should torment me and all about me with this folly, but must he needs chase you here with it? If I had only had an idea of it this morning I would have taken him quite differently into my prayers."

Dr. Brunnow looked at his son with speechless amazement, but then drew a breath of deep and joyful relief.

"Well, if you can break out in that style, I hope your case is no bad one. I was afraid of finding it quite different with you. Has the danger been so quickly overcome?"

"There never has been any danger. A somewhat violent wound-fever, some weak-

ness in consequence of the loss of blood—that was the whole. But now tell me, father."

"Later! I must first examine your wound," said his father interrupting him, still in visible excitement. "I cannot be easy until I have examined for myself."

He loosened the bandage and began to inspect the wound. During the examination his brow cleared more and more, and finally he gently shook his head.

"You are right. The wound is tolerably deep, and may have seemed critical in the first instance; threatening to life it is not. I do not understand your surgeon."

"God pity the patients who fall into his hands!" said Max with emphasis. "But I do not understand how you could resolve to come here, in spite of that unfortunate telegram. You know in what light you are regarded here, and that the former sentence still stands in full force. As soon as you are recognized, you will be arrested and put in prison again."

"Just console yourself!" said Brunnow soothingly. "No discovery at all is to be apprehended, for I have taken the precautions needful. I registered at a hotel in the suburb as Dr. Francke, and besides am a total stranger in the city. Nobody knows me personally, except"—his countenance darkened, "except the governor, and with him I shall hardly meet. We have every reason to avoid one another."

"Never mind! With every hour that you pass here you add to the stakes against your freedom, your whole existence rather. Did you not think of this when you risked this journey?"

"No!" replied Brunnow, whose voice quivered with deep inward emotion. "I heard that my only son was near to death, and said to myself as a physician that I might find a possibility of saving him. I had no time then to think of my own safety."

Max clasped his father's hand firmly within his own, and his eyes were dimmed by moisture when he replied:

"I did not believe that you cared so much about me. Pardon me, father, but at times I have doubted your love for me, and have not deserved that you should thus sacrifice yourself. I have given you trouble and anxiety enough with my hard-headedness, which long ago refused obedience to paternal authority."

His father, by a gesture, begged him to desist.

"Let that rest, Max. We will forget our past difficulties. These last four and twenty hours of deadly anguish have shown me what it is to lose the only thing that is left me of the hopes and joys of life. Do not accuse yourself! I too have often been unjust to you, and never would comprehend that your whole constitution was entirely different from my own. But I think this hour has shown you, in spite of all that, what you are to your father. Only get strong for me, then all will be well."

He bent over and pressed his lips to his son's brow, a tenderness which had not been customary between them for a long, very long time. Max had hardly ever received a caress from his father since his boyhood, and now responded to it with the warmest cordiality.

"You shall have no cause of complaint in future against the 'hard head,' the 'realist,'" said he softly. "I shall never forget, father, what you have risked for my sake. But now promise me to travel away again upon the spot. You are now convinced that



my life is in no danger, but for yourself there is no safety so long as you are on this side of the boundary line. Once more I entreat you to go back as soon as possible!"

"I shall set off to-morrow morning," declared Brunnow; "but at all events I am coming once more, early, to see you. No objections, Max. Torment yourself not with useless anxieties. I tell you no discovery is to be feared. For the present, however, I shall leave you. You have pressing need of rest, and have already been far more excited than is good for one in your situation."

"Pah, it does not hurt me at all; I have a remarkable constitution," replied Max. He was thinking that he had this day passed through, without any ill consequences, an embittered medical controversy and a betrothal; but preferred not speaking to his father as yet of his affair of the heart, and continued: "You were indeed not a little surprised to have to look me up in the government building?"

"Certainly, and the name of Counsellor Moser, who, as I hear, is a clerk in the government chancery, is wholly unknown to me. I suppose you have made this gentleman's acquaintance during your stay here; and are on friendly terms with him?"

"We are not exactly too friendly in our terms," said the young man rather dryly. "This counsellor is a very pattern of loyalty, the beau-ideal of what a clerk in office should be. He falls into a nervous fit if he only hears the word 'revolution,' and showed me the door on the very first day of our acquaintance because I bore a name which was dangerous to the State."

"So much the greater our indebtedness, as he took you into his house in spite of this. We are both under deep obligations to him. Alas! I cannot thank him in person!"

"For heaven's sake, no! He scents out everything revolutionary at the distance of ten paces, and although he does not know you, his loyal instincts would infallibly reveal to him the presence of a traitor."

"Max, do not speak in such a tone of the man to whom you owe entertainment and nursing!" said Brunnow reproachfully. "You are the same old thing, and ever will be, I fear. All this shows you to have a giant's constitution, which might well call forth the astonishment of a more experienced surgeon than the one who is now attending you. If your wound does not actually imperil life, it is, for all that, grave enough to drive away from any other patient all desire for talking, and here you are going off into ridicule of your host."

Max thought to himself that he had other influences to thank for his entertainment than the counsellor's will, but restraining the expression of his sentiments, urged his father to go and use the utmost precaution, with an uneasiness not hard to understand. He took a brief, affectionate farewell of his son and then went.

He was just in the act of leaving the Moser dwelling, when outside in the ante-room he met the counsellor himself. He quietly approached the stranger and said in an inquiring tone:

"Doctor Francke?"

Brunnow made a gesture of assent.

"That is my name; and have I the pleasure of seeing Counsellor Moser?"

"To be sure," affirmed the latter with a stiff inclination of his head. "My daughter tells me you are a surgeon and came at the

solicitation of Dr. Berndt, and I would like to hear if what the women affirm is correct. They say the patient's condition has decidedly improved in the course of the day, and give hope of a cure. After the expressions made use of by your colleague this morning, that seems to me utterly impossible."

"Danger is indeed over," said the party questioned. "I no longer entertain any doubt as to Dr. Brunnow's recovery. For this, indeed, he has in a great degree to thank the prompt and self-sacrificing assistance afforded him in your house. In these last days you have had many a hard thing to undergo on his account."

"Yes, indeed; much that was very hard!" sighed the counsellor, who did not rightly know whether he was to be glad or sorry that the dreaded case of death was to be averted from his house. It was in the end just as bad if it should stand and be read thus in the newspapers: "The son of the Dr. Brunnow of revolutionary reminiscence has been happily cured of his severe wound in the house of Counsellor Moser." Brunnow, on the other hand, looked with deep sympathy upon the old gentleman, who seemed so evidently oppressed and troubled. The doctor knew nothing of Agnes's self-willed interference, and attributed all the merit of his son's attendance to the counsellor himself, and after the hints given him by Max as to his character, he beheld in him a man who, with magnanimous renunciation of his own personal views and sympathies, had received into his house a political opponent.

"Dr. Brunnow," said he, with the overflowing gratitude of a father's heart, "will, I hope, soon be in a state to return his acknowledgments himself; but I too, who am an old friend of his, would like to do this in his name. I—— We thank you, counsellor, with our whole hearts, we thank you for what you have done."

"It was a Christian duty," declared the counsellor, very pleasantly affected by these words, which betrayed so plainly the deepest sensibility. "It might have been done under any circumstances; but one is glad nevertheless when it is recognized in such a degree by those concerned."

"Believe me, we recognize it in the fullest degree," asserted Brunnow, with vivacity. "We know what a man in your position and of your principles has to overcome in so doing. It was a deed of noblest self-denial." So saying, carried away by his feelings, he stretched out his hand to the old gentleman.

Poor counsellor. His loyal instincts, so vaunted by Max, at this instant left him wholly in the lurch. No inner voice warned him as he grasped and shook the traitor's hand in friendly fashion. It pleased him so, at last to find a man who knew how to appreciate, at its due value, his incredible self-sacrifice on this fatal occasion, for Agnes and Dame Christine did as though it were a simple matter of course. This stranger alone had the correct apprehension, and thereby won upon the spot the counsellor's highest favor.

"Will you not step into the sitting-room for a few minutes?" asked he. "I would rejoice——"

Brunnow declined with thanks, now for the first time recollecting that he ought not to show too great gratitude and sympathy.

"I cannot possibly tarry longer; another professional duty calls me away. But I am coming once more, early to-morrow morning, to see the patient, if you will allow it."

"With the greatest pleasure!" cried the counsellor. "I shall be delighted to see you again. Pray, take care! The walk is only imperfectly lighted up."

He had opened the door for the guest himself, but the latter paused irresolutely.

"Must I take the stairs to the right or left, in order to get out?" asked he. "I came in some haste, and did not observe the way."

"I will accompany you," said Moser politely. "It is only too easy to go astray in these rambling passages and corridors, if you are not familiar with them. I'll show you the principal way of egress."

Dr. Brunnow, who in truth had no longer any idea of the way, and for whom it was not particularly desirable to lose himself in the passages and courts, accepted the offer, and together they proceeded through the corridor. This last united the side wing in which lay the Moser dwelling with the main building, and led directly into the vestibule of the castle. There were the approaches to the chancery and the rest of the offices, and there opened also the great main staircase, which led to the governor's apartments. The two gentlemen were just stepping out from the half-dark corridor into the brightly lighted vestibule, when Brunnow all at once started back with a gesture of surprise. It almost seemed as if he meant to turn around, but it was too late—he and his guide already stood close in front of the governor.

(To be continued.)

#### "NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

In the quiet nursery chambers,  
Snowy pillows still unpressed,  
See the forms of little children,  
Kneeling, white-robed for their rest.  
All in quiet nursery chambers,  
While the dusky shadows creep,  
Hear the voices of the children—  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

On the meadow and the mountain  
Calmly shine the winter stars,  
But across the glistening lowlands  
Slant the moonlight's silvery bars,  
In the silence and the darkness—  
Darkness growing still more deep,  
Listen to the little children,  
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die,"—so pray the children,  
And the mother's head droops low  
(One from out her fold is sleeping  
Deep beneath the winter's snow),—  
"Take our souls;" and past the casement  
Flits a gleam of crystal light,  
Like the trailing of His garments  
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls, that stand expectant  
Listening at the gates of life,  
Hearing, far away, the murmur  
Of the tumult and the strife;  
We, who fight beneath those banners,  
Meeting ranks of foemen there,  
Find a deeper, broader meaning  
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,  
Which to-day you watch from far,  
When your deeds shall shape the conflict  
In this universal war,  
Pray to Him, the God of battles,  
Whose strong eye can never sleep,  
In the warring of temptation,  
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the conflict ends, and lowly  
Clears the smoke from out the skies,  
When far down the purple distance  
All the noise of battle dies,  
When the last night's solemn shadows  
Settle down on you and me,  
May the love that never faileth  
Take our souls eternally.



## THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

BY MRS. ANGELINE E. ALEXANDER.

In the third month after the departure of the Israelites from Egypt they encamped in the wilderness of Sinai. This is the record in the nineteenth chapter of Exodus. By the command of the Lord God, Moses in the most solemn manner prepared the people to meet their Deliverer, Guide, and Lawgiver. Three days were allowed for this preparation. On the morning of that eventful day with what painful interest did the anxious men, awe-stricken women, and terrified children gaze upon the dread and sublime realities by which they were surrounded. Mingling with the smoke and quaking of the mount, above the thunders and lightnings came the peals of the trumpet. As the sound increased in volume there arose, above all, beyond all, far exceeding all, the voice of Jehovah. Such a stupendous display of the majesty and omnipotence of the Almighty so overwhelmed the people that they besought Moses, "Speak thou with us, but let not God speak lest we die." Amid such impressive scenes the Commandments were delivered.

When we reflect upon the weighty subjects of the Decalogue, we bow in humility and reverential astonishment at the beneficence of our kind Father in giving us the Fifth Commandment, and annexing to it a promise. The finite mind may be pardoned in fancying that a lull blended with the sacred and mysterious rites when this beautiful commandment was spoken: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Throughout the Old Testament reference is made to this commandment. King Solomon exhorts: "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." The New Testament also takes up the refrain. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, very particularly enjoins this command. To the Church at Colosse he writes: "Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord."

In this polite and refined age it may be deemed a work of supererogation to enforce this commandment. The open violation of it would come under the ban of society. The world will decree with the wise king that "the eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." But is this precept really fulfilled in the true spirit of the text? So readily do we fall into thoughtlessness even towards those whom we love. Then, too, the present age is characterized by a spirit of independence and self-reliance which, though correct when properly controlled, does nevertheless militate strongly against a loving submission. God has constituted parents the interpreters of His own love for their children. We may safely appropriate the conception of St. John, and say, if a man love not his parents, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen? There is no love like a mother's. The strength, the devotedness, the vast extent, the self-sacrifice is given to none but mothers. Others may regard us with distrust and coldness; but the fond eyes that were the first we looked into on earth will ever beam on us with undying love. The sheltering arms that enfolded our infant forms will ever be open to receive us. No advice is given so faithfully, so patiently,

so disinterestedly as that of a father. Then let us be careful to study the wishes of our parents, to listen to their counsel, to bear with their infirmities. The unreasonableness of parents does not absolve us from our duty; for we are commanded to "obey in all things." Let due honor be accorded to them. Remember they are passing away. When they are gone, never again will we know such love and tenderness until our Father restores us to them in heaven.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." In the simple, touching, and devout petition of the Prayer Book let us all fervently join: "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

## AN ADVENT BENEDICTITE.

BY M. K. A. S.

O all ye winds of God!  
In one glad choir unite  
To magnify  
And praise the name  
Of God most high!

Ye lofty forest aisles!  
Raise your Sabbatic chants  
With cadence sweet,  
In full accord  
Our Lord to greet!

From all your golden lips  
Ye organ-pipes! sound forth  
Emmanuel's praise,  
Beneath yon dome,  
Our King of Days!

O all ye bells of joy!  
Ring out your songful notes,  
In gladdest strain,  
Till old and young  
Swell the refrain!

## GIVING.

In Luke vi. 38 we have evidently what may be called the true method of getting rich: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." Thus expressed, the relation between giving and riches is somewhat different from the commonly accepted one. The ordinary precept would be, Get rich in order to give; here it reads, Give in order to get rich. The common statement would be, Measure your gifts by your riches; this says, Measure your riches by your gifts.

One thing follows at once from this. It would have been almost a cruelty for the Saviour to set this rule before the world, if any one could make answer: This rule cannot apply to me, for I have nothing to give. No, the answer to that the Saviour himself has given in a very practical way. For if you were to ask me the question, Who is the richest person mentioned in the Bible, I should at once answer by pointing you to a scene near the entrance to the temple courts. Jesus sat there watching the so-called rich men casting their gifts pompously into the treasury. One silently steals by Him and drops in a penny, all the living that she had. The Lord himself at once pours into her bosom an untold wealth, the gold and silver and gems of which have been bright and sparkling ever since, and become brighter as the world grows older. Who can tell what a mine of wealth that penny has become? Who can tell how many hidden veins of true

riches have branched out from that one scene? Yes, many a one has thought his life utterly poor and dark; as much in the dark of penury as those men have been in the dark who have been delving down in the Sutor tunnel, in a Nevada silver mine. But just as those men working on in the dark, surrounded simply by hard granite, have suddenly burst their way into the old Comstock ledge—and found their tunnel would evermore be the way to untold wealth—so has many a life, before seeming utterly poor, when suddenly brought face to face with the spirit of giving which was in that poor widow, and become a sharer in that spirit, found itself rich—rich with the riches of God himself, "who spared not His only-begotten Son, but freely gave Him up for us all."

Now, what the temple was to that poor woman, viz., the place where Jesus pronounced her rich once and forever, that the Church of God—yea, every visible temple of God—is meant to be and may be for each of us, our mine of wealth.

I would not for a moment overlook all the gifts bestowed apparently outside the Church, all that so-called natural benevolence; but this I assert, the Church of God has been ever the place to find out the true motive and inspiration of giving, and so is the true treasury of God. For what is the one gift above all others? What is the one fountain head of all true philanthropy? Is it not the gift of the Son of God as the world's one great sacrifice? From whence gushed out the stream of all true benevolence but from the Rock of Ages on which the Church is founded?

It follows from this connection of the Church with the spirit of giving, that talking, teaching, preaching about giving, is talking, teaching, preaching about something which is a foundation principle of the Church's life. It follows that the Church ought to exemplify the principle in its whole system and organization, so that the Church itself shall impress the duty and privilege of giving, without any talking, teaching, or preaching at all.

This is the idea of the free Church. It has many difficulties connected with it, but after you have stated them all you will find them all summed up in the one statement that, though the Gospel says it is more blessed to give than to receive, the natural man inclines, even in the matter of Church privileges, to take without giving.

Very well, grant this; and then the free church has at once this advantage, that by its very system it shows men how little of the Gospel spirit they have, since they are willing to let other people fulfil for them their duty and privilege of giving. The free church meets all every Sunday morning before church, before a word of worship or preaching has been uttered, before even the church bell rings, with the question, have you anything on this Sunday morning to lay aside for the temple treasury? Suppose the answer comes from any one, man, woman or child, Not one cent. Well, then, let each look back upon the week past and see whether there were not in the course of the week several dimes or pennies which might have been laid aside ready for Sunday morning. Is it likely that he would not see some dimes or pennies wasted, or worse than wasted, which might have been a part of his worship? But if they are all gone, what is the consequence? Why, that week he has absolutely no chance to give. Let him put that plainly before himself. He cannot give if he wanted to ever



so much. He goes to church, and his heart fears warmed a little. He seems to see a little what God meant by giving His only-begotten Son for him. But there is no outward response on his part, because he has nothing to give. He has not saved anything, and so he has lost a chance for responding a little to his Saviour's love.

But I will put another case which, alas! I fear is not an uncommon one. Some people say, I have nothing to give, and so I will not go to church. What does that amount to but this? The salvation of my soul, and the comfort and strength which Jesus offers for all the care and trouble of life, are not worth the trouble of saving anything each week for God. The free church will not let you off with the excuse, I cannot afford to pay the rent of a pew, or of a seat or two for myself or my family, and so I will not go, since I have no *rights* in any part of the church. The free church recognizes the difficulty for many people of knowing even a quarter of a year beforehand how much one can afford to rent a pew with, when he does not even know how much he can afford to rent a house with. No, the Church is free as the sun which warms us and the air we breathe. We have all as much a right to the one as to the other.

All the free church asks of any one is not to let a single week go by without *laying aside something* for God. Why? To support a church and pay a minister. Is that all? No! for every one's own sake chiefly; that he may have a chance to give something to God, knowing that if he does not he will very soon lose any sense of what God gives to him.—*The Church Journal.*

#### THE NOBLE DEAD

Who Fell During the Yellow Fever Scourge at Dry Grove, 1878.\*

BY E. W. C.

Unfold thy green robe, Mother Earth!  
And give thy children rest,  
As now we bring them one by one  
To thy kind sheltering breast,  
And lay them gently down to sleep  
Where thou thy tireless watch wilt keep.

Around them draw thy mantle brown,  
For oh! the way was chill,  
And their cold feet have patient toiled  
Up many a weary hill;  
Hands, folded now, hard work have wrought  
For whom a dying Saviour bought.

Here thou wilt sing thy tenderest strains  
Through all the summer-day;  
Low song of insect, bird, and stream,  
And breeze 'mid pines at play;  
The sounds of pain and mourning cease  
Beside thy cradle-song of peace.

Here autumn shall with hope's bright bow  
Illumine each lowly mound,  
And mistletoe her white pearls cast,  
For it is bo-y ground;  
While floral incense sweet shall rise  
Above th' accepted sacrifice.

These calm white forms are soulless now,  
For paradise has won  
Their spirits pure for truest rest—  
The rest of conflict done,  
The rest from trouble, rest from sin,  
The rest of faithful ones who win.

Sometime their Lord, the King of kings,  
Will ask of thee, O Earth!  
To give that loved clay back again  
For an immortal birth  
Fit for the deathless soul to own,  
And bear in bliss before His throne.

\* Including Mrs. Douglas, Miss Douglas, and five divinity students.

Years since, beneath these sunny skies,  
The waves of trouble rolled,  
And left the seed whence sprang the Church  
In beauty manifold;  
But oh! the dear Lord only knew  
Just how, 'mid want, the temple grew.

How with unfaltering trust, His own,  
A small and faithful band,  
Strove day by day, and year by year  
With heart and brain and hand,  
Till church and school they saw complete,  
And laid them humbly at His feet.

And though that band is broken now,  
The blessed work goes on,  
And numbers through the coming years  
May reap what they have won.  
With those who bowed to cross the wave,  
Yet summoned back, still toil to save.\*

The church and church's training-school  
Within thy shades, Dry Grove!  
Are monuments of highest worth  
To those we mourn and love;  
With alms we'll guard these records well,  
And keep the story bright they tell.

Dear, precious ones! when at the last  
All nations stand confest,  
May each, with thee, in rapture hear  
Our names among the blest,  
And catch, "Well done! henceforth for thee  
Life's crown of immortality."

#### THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

ST. MATTHEW XXV. 1-14.

The Scripture lesson comprises the parable of the ten virgins. This parable belongs to the group of parables spoken on the Tuesday before Easter, after our Lord had left the temple for the last time. He was seated on the Mount of Olives, probably in sight of Jerusalem, and His disciples had come to Him in private to know when the things He had foretold should be. The several parables are parables concerning His second coming. They are parables, as He calls them, of the kingdom of heaven, but they all concern a particular feature of that kingdom—the Lord's return to judgment. Immediately before has come the parable of the wicked servant; directly after follows the parable of the entrusted talents, both referring to the same point. Of course there is a personal application of these parables to the individual responsibilities of every disciple, but they also refer to the judgment which shall come suddenly and find both the faithful and the unfaithful. It is the kingdom of heaven, the visible Church on earth, in which both classes are to be found. In verse 1 the members of that kingdom are compared to virgins going forth to meet the bridegroom at night, when He is bringing the bride to His own home for the marriage feast. The title "virgins" means those who have embraced a pure faith; and thus stands for all who make the Christian profession. They are spoken of as ten, because that number makes a company. The division into two groups of five each simply signifies that there will be a division, not that it will necessarily be into equal parts any more than that the number of the believers will be limited to ten. It is only for greater distinctness of contrast. The lamps which they take are for the ceremonial honor of the marriage procession. The oil is here understood as the fruit of good works, that by which the flame of faith is kept alive. It is practical righteousness, without which belief dies out.

In verse 5 it is told that they all slumbered

\* The Rev. Dr. Douglas and Mrs. S—, a faithful co-worker from the first.

and slept. This is understood as the sleep of death. If it had been the sleep of unreadiness and apathy, the wise would not have fallen into it, and there would have been some word of blame concerning it. This was "while the bridegroom tarried." Here is a hint given that the Lord might delay His coming. It was no more than a hint, lest the Church might at the first lose the lively expectation of her Lord, yet it was a hint which would come to be a consolation when the first disappointment began to creep over the watching believers. Verse 6 is also a hint at the time of the Lord's coming, "At midnight there was a cry made." In the imagery of the parable this is the cry of the distant spectators, also watching. It announces the yet distant but approaching procession. The time, midnight, is another hint that the coming shall be at the time when least expected. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night.

The symbolical interpretation of the cry is held to be that it is the voice of the archangel at the resurrection. In verse 7 the trimming of the lamps is understood to mean the self-inspection, the preparation to meet the Judge when the warning voice calls upon all to give account of themselves. The flame of a true and lively faith then burns up as it is fed with the oil of a true and devout service. That which has no oil to sustain it goes out; the very effort to trim the lamp, to raise the wick, and to increase its burning, only exhausts that which the flame has been feeding upon; it flares up and goes out. This is a most true image of that false religious life which has fed on its own emotional feelings. It is self-consuming, and that which aids the replenished lamp to burn more brightly only extinguishes the empty one.

Verse 8 has given some trouble to expositors, because it has seemed to want the spirit of Christian charity. There is no trouble in the received explanation that the thing typified, namely, a righteous life, cannot be transferred, and that the wise cannot here help the foolish, if they would. But the objection is made that the Saviour has taken for illustration an act of hard, if expedient, prudence, and that generosity would have run the risk of the sacrifice. Those who make this criticism overlook the fact that the virgins are not there for their own pleasure, but in the Bridegroom's honor. They have no right to rob Him of expected service to repair the neglect of their companions. And this is shown by their reply: "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you." But the exposition of the parable is free even from this fancied objection. Whether the "oil" be understood as a living faith, the spring of good deeds, or righteous deeds feeding and sustaining a living faith, it is equally untransferrable. The words, "Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves," mean here, Go to those that are ministers of holy things, to the sources of Divine knowledge and grace, and obtain that which you need. Of course at that hour the attempt is vain, but the counsel is not given in mockery, it is all that can be said on the subject. Till the Bridegroom actually appears, the case does not seem hopeless, and this deepens the uncertainty of the exact time of His coming. There is yet a possibility of sufficient delay, though of course the shops of the sellers of oil are now shut, and it is a delusive hope that the past neglect can be repaired, yet it does not follow that the prudent virgins are aware of this. In fact



there is a striking parallel here with the unconsciousness of both the righteous and the wicked in the concluding portion of the same chapter. (Verses 37, 39, and 44.)

Archbishop Trench holds that the attempt to buy oil was in vain, and that when (in verse 11) the other virgins came saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," it was with extinguished lamps. Be that as it may, "the door was shut." This points to the final judicial determination of the matter. Their entrance could really avail nothing; they have no lot or part in the wedding festivity. So the sentence of the Judge at the last day only affirms to the wicked that which they have made for themselves, alienation from God. His answer (verse 12), "Verily I say unto you, I know you not," is not unmerciful, but inevitable. They have made themselves strangers to Him. They come seeking a reward of which they are not only undeserving, but incapable. The sole motive of seeking the marriage-feast is to share the bridegroom's joy. The door is necessarily shut on those who come for their own selfish ends. This may not appear in the imagery of the parable, but does come out very strongly when it is taken, as it should be, in connection with the other parables.

The key-note of this parable is, however, struck in the concluding verse, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

The object of the Lord is to impress this. There would be great danger lest the thought of His second advent should die out, when His coming appeared to be delayed. And there is one interpretation which is permissible, at least as an application of the parable, viz., to regard each class of virgins as typifying respectively the Churches which have kept and which have lost the faith of Advent. With the loss of that faith must come in time the loss of a vital, sustaining motive for true and laudable service. When the only ground of religion is made to be individual salvation, the lapse into a mere utilitarian expediency is very near, and this last leads to a fatal decay in faith and morals. When religion is upheld simply as a factor in human civilization and not as a duty to an absent but returning Lord, the lamp of a godly life is burning very low.

#### SHORT SAYINGS ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.\*

The bread which we break is the communication of the body of Christ: the cup which we bless is the communication of the blood of Christ.—I. Cor. x. 16.

Do not wait to be personally invited to make your first communion, but go to your parish priest, and ask to be received to the Communion.

The Lord's day is the Christian's proper time for worship, spiritual refreshment, and public testimony to the faith of Christ.

The Lord's day is the Christian's proper time for the Lord's appointed memorial of Himself.

It is fit that every Christian receive the Communion every Lord's day.

If he have any doubt about the propriety of his receiving at any time, he should consult his parish priest.

The best preparation for receiving the Communion is the habitual endeavor to lead a Christian life.

He that is not prepared to receive the Communion is not prepared to die.

Our feelings should not be too much con-

sulted: we should receive from a principle of duty.

If we do not feel like it, we should ask God to forgive our indisposition and to strengthen our hunger and thirst after righteousness.

We may test these feelings somewhat by our feelings about death.

We cannot think that all who feel a fear of death would be lost if they should die.

We cannot think that all who fear to receive will be judged if they do receive.

We ought to desire to die, that is, to depart and be with Christ.

We ought to desire to receive Christ and to be with Him in Communion.

These desires are not natural to us. We obtain them only by praying for them and striving to attain to them.

Grace is stronger than nature: but grace works slowly and gradually.

It takes time to overcome nature; but time is short, do not waste it.

The less you desire of grace, the less you will have.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

The Church directs the priest to give the holy bread into your hands; not into your mouth, or into your fingers, or into your gloves.

In receiving, never lose a crumb nor a drop. Consider that what is thus wasted could suffice to make you partaker of Christ's promise of a blessed resurrection to life eternal.

Remember how Christ caused the fragments to be gathered up, that nothing should be lost.

Always be outwardly as well as inwardly reverent; but never be inwardly desirous of outward observation.

"A city which is set on a hill cannot be hid."

Thus our Lord taught His disciples that they should be examples to the world.

So the position of the ministry makes them responsible for their example to the people.

Their defects are easily observed and readily followed.

When art is consecrated in the Church, then the Church will cease to be desecrated by art.

No man can consecrate his art until he has consecrated himself.

Christ once said to the Sadducees, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God."—St. Matt. xxii. 29.

Thus He has taught us that God's Word in the Scriptures and His works in what we call Nature are not contradictory.

Those who think they are contradictory, misunderstand one, or the other, or both.

Christ, who understood both, saw no contradiction.

The Bible was not written to explain the power of God in nature, but to record the love of God in redemption.

The sin of the first man debased the nature in which God had created him.

The redemption of Christ procured for man the grace by which he could overcome the corruptions of his fallen nature, and attain to the blessedness for which he was originally created.

In history and prophecy, the Bible reveals the plan of this redemption: in holy writings it teaches us to so live that we may attain salvation.

Search the Scriptures. In them ye have eternal life. They testify of Christ [St. John v. 39], what He is and what He wills.

#### FATHER, FORGIVE.

BY COLLEEN BAWN.

Father, forgive! (my oft repeated cry:)  
Forgive Thy child; else I forever die!  
My heart but echoes back the sad appeal,  
And trembling murmurs, "Thou knowest what I feel."

Father, forgive! again I meekly plead,  
Forgive, forgive! Thy grace I sadly need;  
I'll try to curb my sinful passions wild,  
And keep my life unspotted, undefiled.

Thy help, O God, to conquer wrong.  
I humbly beg; Thou art so strong!  
And I so mortal weak without Thy aid;  
Behold! at Jesus' feet my sins I've laid.

Serenely calm, my tired soul  
Drifts onward to its longed-for goal;  
Nor dreams it will again be madly tossed  
On passion's waves; be wrecked; be all but lost!

Yet again the mournful cry ascends,  
Father, forgive! my chastened spirit bends  
Before Thy awful throne, and prostrate pleads,  
"Only to follow, where'er Thy mercy leads."  
*Pass Christian, Miss., November 25th.*

#### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

##### JO'S LESSON.

Jo was very cross indeed. He thought that he had ample reason, and although it was all his own fault in the first place, that did not make him more contented or cheerful. Two mortal hours he sat at his desk in the empty schoolroom, after all the other boys had gone home. That "awful sum" would not come right, and Jo wrinkled up his forehead in great perplexity, adding the long columns over and over again. Finally he gave it up altogether, and drew queer, long legged pussy cats and stout soldiers all over the cover of his geography till Miss Miller finished the letter she was writing and came to see if the sum was done.

"You naughty boy!" she said, and though she went back to her chair without another word, Jo felt that it would not do for him to try her patience much further, so he managed to scramble through it, and then, every bit of his composition had to be copied. The clock on the wall struck five before he could put away his books and get his cap and overcoat.

"That horrid, horrid baby!" muttered Jo wrathfully, as he walked slowly home, brooding over all his trials. Papa would not smile and say, "Well done, my boy!" this week, as he always did when the report was perfect; he would shake his head, and probably remark that boys who did not learn their lessons could not go skating. And Jo slammed the gate hard, and his boots clattered on the steps and through the hall as if a half-a-dozen small boys were coming instead of one. Baby was on the floor, playing with his ball, and chattering to himself.

"Dare's Do!" he cried, jumping up, and trotting to the door.

Mamma looked up from her work, surprised at Jo's surly face.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked, while Jo flung his cap and books down in glum silence and made no answer, when baby put both hands on his arm and began a coaxing entreaty, "Det me a wed wapple, Do!"

"Matter? Matter enough!" said Jo. "I got kept in, and had three demerits, and to write my composition every bit over, and all along of that little bother! You, get right along now, Andrew Ames, or you'll be sorry! Not any red apple you won't have from me!"

\* From the Rev. Dr. Seabury's Manual for Choristers.



"Why, what has baby done?" asked mamma, laying down her work, as baby prudently retreated from Jo's side to her lap.

"He's wrote all over my clean new composition with his blue pencil, and Miss Miller made me copy it again," said Jo, so unwilling for reasons of his own to meet mamma's eye that he examined the tips of his boots with great attention.

"I'm very sorry, but you know baby did not mean to do any harm. How did he get hold of your paper?" answered mamma.

Jo did not care to reply, but mamma repeated her question.

"I—I—left it on the table last night," he stammered, growing still more sulky.

"I see," said mamma. "But you were told to put it carefully away when you went to bed; and if you had obeyed, baby would not have found it. Nobody is to blame for your demerits this week but Jo Ames."

Jo had not a word to say to this, but he felt that he was very unjustly treated. At least mamma might have sympathized with him, instead of calling to Sister Lucy that it was time to set the tea-table, and paying no more attention to his troubles. She always defended everybody else, he thought discontentedly, and baby could do all the mischief he liked without ever getting punished or blamed, no matter how much trouble he made. And Jo sat looking into the fire, growing each moment more vexed and cross, forgetting that his own great carelessness had been at the bottom of all his troubles.

Lucy came downstairs to set the table, and soon spied his cap on the floor; so she asked him to put it away.

"I won't!" he said. "I'm tired; and you may do it yourself, if you want it done at all."

Mamma did not hear this, and patient Lucy carried off the cap to the hall.

"What did you do that for?" asked Jo, coming out after her. "I've got to split wood now, and I want it." And he snatched it from her hand and ran out, leaving Lucy to wonder what could be the matter.

The hatchet was dull, and Jo's fingers were cold; he had very knotty wood to split too, and made slow progress with it. By the time he came in to tea he was still more cross and

unhappy, but nobody seemed to know it. Papa did not ask him for his report as usual. Perhaps the frown on his forehead told its own story of failure and naughtiness. Indeed he only spoke once to him; when Jo said crossly that the gingerbread was burned and not fit to eat, he quietly took away the slice, remarking:

"No one wishes you to eat it. You need not have any more this week."

Jo was very fond of gingerbread, and on the whole he thought that he had a very bad time of it. Even after tea, when mamma

the music did not seem so sweet to him. He did not clap his hands at all when baby sang "*Hot a bid boy am I*." Baby missed the applause very much, so he threw away mamma's big ball of darning-cotton, and went over to Jo's seat, trying to climb on his lap. Jo pushed him away roughly.

"I don't want to have anything to do with you. I won't see you nor speak to you, so!" he said angrily, and he looked like a small thunder-cloud.

Baby's lip quivered; the blue eyes filled with grieved tears, and he shrank away from his cross brother, the happiness of his evening entirely destroyed.

"Jo," said papa sternly, "are you in earnest?"

"Yes, I am," said Jo still more angrily; "he's always getting me punished, and I don't love him one bit!"

"Very well," said papa; "then you need not have anything more to do with him. Do not speak to him or look at him, or do anything for him, to-morrow. Remember that I forbid it."

"All right," said Jo; "I won't."

"You may go to bed now," said papa.

And Jo went, glad to get away by himself, where he could not see mamma's look of reproach, or the tears in Lucy's eyes, as she hid her face on papa's shoulder. He had made himself miserable, and the others as well, and completely spoiled the quiet evening hour. But Jo would not own even to himself that he was in the wrong; he went to



THE FAMILY CONCERT.

was seated at her mending, and papa had finished reading the paper, he did not brighten up. Usually it was the pleasantest hour in the day to all the children. Lucy would climb on papa's knee, and beg for a "sing." Then baby would open the family concert with his celebrated aria of "Wittle Dack Horner," always followed by immense laughter and applause. Then papa would sing a "Song of Sixpence," and the "King of France," and Lucy would ask for her favorite Sunday-school hymns. Then, when bed-time came, papa would say:

"Now, baby, what shall we sing last?"

Baby always answered: "Oh, Palladise," and listened very quietly, with wistful eyes, till it was ended and he could kiss everybody good-night. Jo loved to sing; but to-night

sleep, sulkily determined to take papa at his word, and see if he couldn't have a good time without baby, for once. It would be quite like a vacation, he thought. It was hard, however, when he came to breakfast, to find baby's high chair on Lucy's side of the table, for Jo liked to drop an extra "wump of sooder" into baby's mug, and cut up the beef-steak on his little plate. He ate his breakfast with small appetite, knowing that Lucy was doing all this for baby, although he pretended great indifference.

After breakfast on Saturday mornings Jo always had wood to split and pile. Then he fed pigs and chickens, and sometimes pared apples or shelled beans for mamma before he ran off to play, happy that his work was done, and all the rest of the bright holiday was at



his own disposal. Baby usually followed close at his heels on Saturdays, because Lucy played with him all the week, and he saw so little of Jo that it was almost as good as having company. So when Jo went to the hen-coop he trotted along too, holding a small tin cup full of corn very tightly in his red mittens; he always insisted upon having one egg put into it to carry back to mamma, confident that he was lightening Jo's labors very much.

But this morning baby was helping Lucy make the beds, and sweeping up imaginary specks of dirt with his little dust-pan and the clothes brush. He did not even look out of the window to watch Jo at his work. So Jo had to make his rounds without any small companion, and it was a long while before everything was done and he could go into the kitchen and ask for his luncheon. A plate of red apples stood on the table, and Jo took the biggest and began to peel it for baby, forgetting his arrangements for the day.

"Do, Do, me 'ant dat wapple," cried baby, holding out a dirty dimpled hand, quite forgetful of past unkindness.

"Well, I just guess you'll have it, General Jackson," said Jo blithely.

"Jo!" said mamma's warning voice from the pantry, where she was rolling out pie-crust.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Jo.

"Eat your apple yourself."

"But, mamma, I *always* peel baby's," began Jo; then he stopped, remembering, and went out of the house with his big apple and an equally big lump in his throat.

General Jackson was no better pleased, and he fretted and cried until Lucy consoled him by letting him play with her big wax doll.

Jo ate his apple and went out on the hill to see if any boys wanted to coast on his sled. It was one of his special grievances that when he wanted to have a glorious slide down the long hill, baby was sure to ask for a ride. Then mamma thought it quite right that Jo should wait until sack and cap, rubbers and mittens, were found and put on, and draw this marplot General Jackson all over the village. Still, to-day, when he was quite at liberty to coast till dinner-time, he did not care anything about doing it. The boys he liked best to play with were not out at all, and the snow was worn away in places, so that coasting was poor fun. Although he stayed out till dinner-time, he did not enjoy his morning's pleasure, and would have been very glad if he could have taken little Andrew out instead.

There was apple-pie for dinner, and it was Jo's turn to have the little turnover which was baked every Saturday in a broken saucer.

"Goody!" Jo exclaimed; "here's your piece, Lucy." And he gave Lucy a very large share of the crisp brown dainty.

"Me too," and baby held out his plate. Jo cut off a large slice very willingly; but mamma put a tiny round pie on baby's dish, and Jo had to eat his by himself. It was not very good, he thought, that Saturday pie, for it almost choked him.

Baby was tired of Lucy's big doll by this time and remembering past holidays, began to tease mamma after dinner to let him go out.

"Me 'ant to do widing in my cadget" he said, busily rummaging the closet shelves for his cap and scarf.

"Not now, dearie," said busy mamma. "Lucy will take you by and by when the work is done."

Impatient baby did not like that at all, and Jo, who was looking at the pictures in an old "Youth's Companion" in a very disconsolate manner, was quite touched by his grieved, sad little face.

"Oh, mamma, do let me take him round the garden a little while, just till Lucy is ready," he asked imploringly.

Mamma did not answer him at all.

"Go and see what Lucy has got for you up in her room, baby," she said.

And while little Andrew climbed upstairs, one step at a time, she replaced the clean dishes on the dresser, and hung up baby's mug, without a glance at Jo. He saw that it was useless to ask, and went off to amuse himself as best he might that long sunless afternoon.

The boys were all out, singing and whistling very gayly indeed. They pelted each other with snowballs, and added a high tower to their snow-fort, at the top of the hill. Then they raised a faded flag, and cheered and shouted until the echoes all woke up and answered back again, far off on the hill-sides. If Jo had been satisfied with that troublesome companion, Jo Ames, he would have had a very nice time, and the twilight would have come quite too soon. But his day had not been a bright one, and before tea-time he made up his mind that so unhappy a boy had never lived. One of the boys had given him a handful of chestnuts, and as he slipped very shyly into the kitchen he poured them into baby's lap, hoping that nobody would notice or forbid the proceeding. Mamma did look at him, rather sharply too, but she went on setting the table.

"Can baby sit by me to-night?" asked Jo, his voice trembling a little.

Mamma shook her head, and again placed baby's chair by Lucy's.

That was the last straw to poor tired Jo. He ran off to his own room, and cried as hard as if he were in baby's little red shoes, instead of being the ten-year-old "head boy" of the spelling-class. It was a hard lesson—harder than any in the big books piled up in his desk; but he learned it thoroughly. After a long time, when all the sounds of bustling about had ceased, he went out, and sat down in a dark corner, far away from fire or candle. No one spoke to him; but by and by baby climbed into his lap and began to sing "Wittle Duck Horner," while Jo's tears fell fast on baby's curly head.

"Jo," said papa at bed-time, "I hope you will never get out of patience with little Andrew again."

"I never *will*, papa," said Jo, very positively. And he kept his word.

#### THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

(A Paraphrase.)

BY LYDIA LEIGH.

"Let us run a race, pray,"  
Said the tortoise one day  
To a light-footed, frisky young hare;  
"And I'll make you a bet,  
I'll not hurry nor fret,  
But I'll reach the goal first, and all fair."

"You are mad, that is plain,"  
Said the hare, in disdain  
Of the slow-tolling pace of his friend;  
"Hellebore\* you must take,  
And a cure it will make  
Of this folly which might be your end."

\*The ancients believed that hellebore was a cure for madness.

"I am mad if you will,  
But I'll not take your pill,"  
Tortoise said; "let the race be the test."  
Said the hare: "I consent,  
But you'll surely repent,  
I shall win, though you *creep* at your best."

Who the judge, what the stakes,  
We know not; but that makes  
No difference at this late day.

Quite enough for our rhyme  
That at the set time  
Tortoise started; hare laughed: "This is play."

"You see, friends, her style,  
So it's not worth my while  
To be in a hurry to run;  
I'll just wait a bit  
(And a smile his face lit),  
And then you shall see some rare fun."

So he sauntered about,  
Waiting late to set out,  
That winning, more honor he'd find.  
"Friends, good-by," then he said,  
And away quickly sped,  
Swiftest hounds leaving hopeless behind

Undismayed by his leaps,  
Her slow way tortoise keep—  
Steady, grave, senatorial her gait;  
Prudent, *slowly she hastes*;  
Not a moment she wastes;  
On the race pleasure patient; must wait.

Not so with the hare;  
He snuffs the soft air,  
And wonders which way the wind blows;  
Stops to rest, quite at ease,  
Takes a nap, if you please;  
Tastes the grass; quoth he: "None sweeter grows."

Soon he cries: "Gracious me!  
What is this that I see!  
I scarce can believe mine own eyes!  
Near the goal is my friend;  
I must now put an end  
To her pride;" then like lightning he flies.

But his speed is too late;  
Tortoise wins; and elate  
With her victory, cries: "Mine the day;  
And a more even pair  
We had been, my swift hare,  
Had you carried your house all the way!"

The moral that adorns our tale—  
Who runs may read;  
Patience and toil oft win the prize  
Not given to speed.

#### OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the league aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall St., New York.

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Prices reduced. Send for Circular.



## HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES IN NEW YORK.

Christmas is coming, and those in search of goods suitable for presents should not fail to consult the advertising columns of this and late numbers of **THE CHURCHMAN**, overflowing with the announcements of leading firms who offer all the attractions in their line which are looked for at this season. Prominent among these may be mentioned the following named establishments under their respective business headings:

## ARTISTIC POTTERY, GOLD AND SILVERWARE.

Tiffany & Co., Union square.

## BOOKS.

D. Appleton & Co., 549 and 551 Broadway.  
J. W. Bouton 706 Broadway.  
Cassell, Petter & Galpin, 596 Broadway.  
Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway.  
E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway.  
Harper & Brothers, Franklin square.  
Houghton, Osgood & Co., 13 Astor place.  
Macmillan & Co., 22 Bond street.  
Thos. Nelson & Co., 42 Bleeker street.  
Pott, Young & Co., Cooper Union.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons, 182 Fifth avenue.  
A. D. F. Randolph & Co., 900 Broadway.  
Charles Scribner's Sons, 743 and 745 Broadway.  
T. Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House.  
John Wiley & Sons, 15 Astor place.  
R. Worthington, 750 Broadway.

## BRONZES, CLOCKS, ETC.

C. H. Covell, 1150 Broadway.  
Hall, Nicoll & Granbery, 20 and 22 John street.  
Mitchell, Vance & Co., 836 and 838 Broadway.  
Tiffany & Co., Union Square.  
V. J. Magnin, Guédon & Co., 29 Union Square.

## CHINESE AND JAPANESE GOODS.

H. C. Parke, Front street.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.

E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway.  
A. D. F. Randolph & Co., 900 Broadway.  
T. Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House.

## CLOAKS AND COSTUMES.

Wilson & Greig, 771 Broadway.

## CLOTHING.

Devlin & Co., Broadway and Grand st., Broadway and Warren st.  
Rogers, Peet & Co., Broadway, cor. Broome st.  
D. Wheatley, 1 Great Jones st.  
J. W. Richardson, 100 Fulton st.  
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Arnold, Constable & Co., Broadway cor. 19th st.  
A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway and 10th street.  
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FANCY DESKS AND BOOK CASES.  
T. G. Sewell, 111 Fulton st.

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C. G. Gunthers Sons, 184 Fifth avenue.

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Johnson Bros. & Co., 34 and 36 East 14th street.  
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C. H. Ditson & Co., 843 Broadway.  
Wm. A. Pond & Co., 25 Union Square.

## PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Horace Waters & Sons, 40 East 14th street.

## RARE ENGRAVINGS.

Frederick Keppel, 243 Broadway.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY AND ST. NICHOLAS.  
Scribner & Co., 743 and 745 Broadway.

## SCROLL SAWS, DESIGNS, ETC.

J. F. Pratt & Co., 53 Fulton street.

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Wheeler & Wilson Mfg Co., 42 and 44 E. 14th st.  
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## SILVER PLATED WARE.

Meriden Britannia Co., 46 East 14th street.  
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THE INVALID ROLLING CHAIR, advertised in another column, is a very suitable present for any one needing such a comfort. It is made by the **FOLDING CHAIR CO.**, New Haven, Conn.

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